

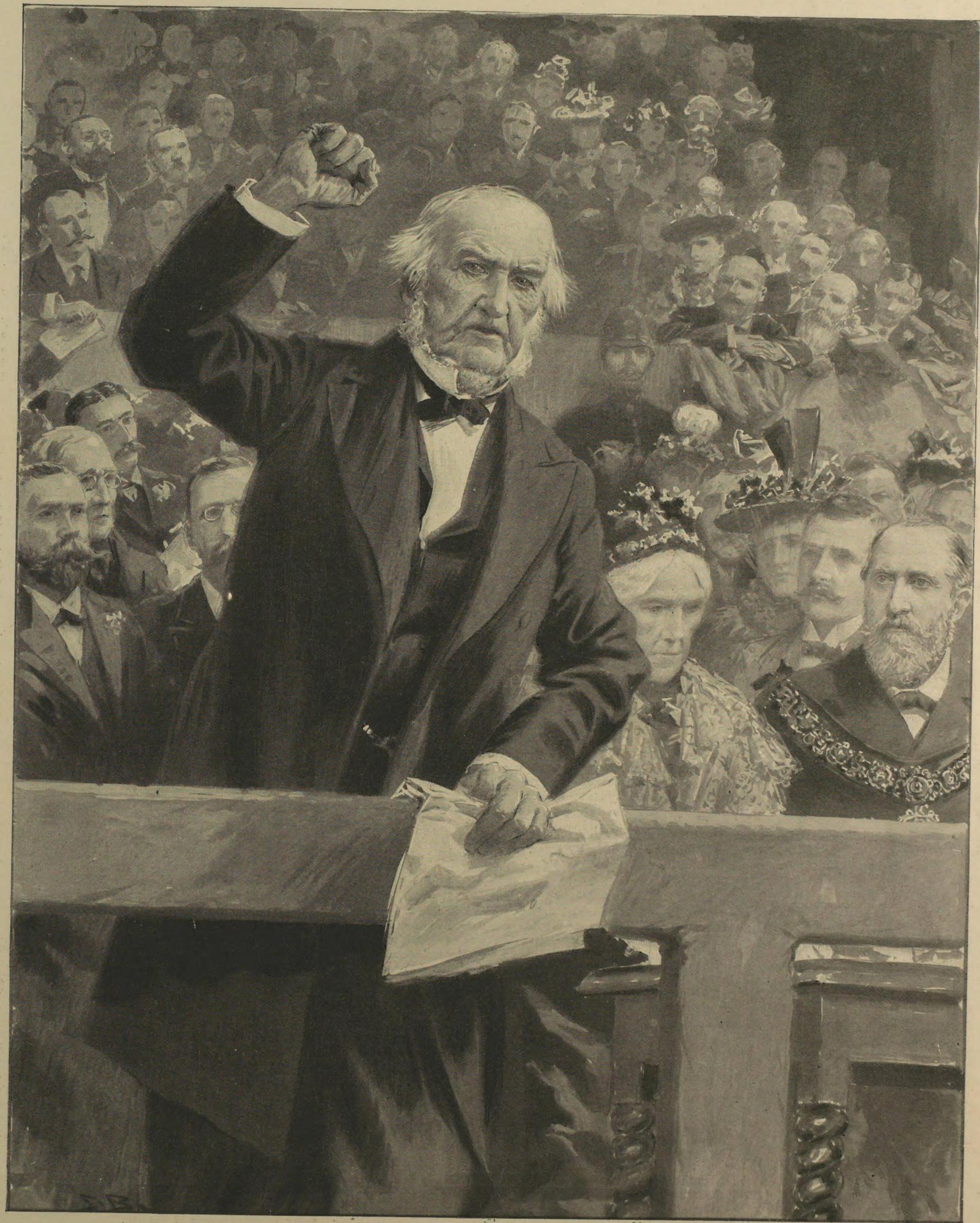
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO WHOLE SHEETS | SIXPENCE.  
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THE TURKISH CRISIS: MR. GLADSTONE SPEAKING AT LIVERPOOL.

*"The ground on which we stand here is not British nor European—it is human. Nothing narrower than humanity could pretend for a moment justly to represent it."*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Dr. Franz Boas, who has been investigating the manners and customs of various aborigines, has come to a conclusion which ought to gratify those denizens of Pall Mall who neither toil nor spin, but give a good deal of their time to amusement. He considers the culture of a nation to be in direct proportion to the number of games it possesses. The Indians of British Columbia—as might be expected on this theory—are very low in the scale of civilisation, their most exciting relaxations being hide-and-seek, with eleven on one side (like cricket), and the throwing a stick at a board. How strange would these amusements be at a club! Think of the members of the Carlton prowling from room to room, after their friends, and looking behind curtains and under the sofas! Think of Major Pendennis throwing his billiard-cue at the pool-board, amid shrieks of approbation! One may not think much of "poker," but that is certainly more exciting. As to whom the credit is due for having invented the first game, or what it was, is doubtful. It was said at one time that the cave-men—very early specimens of humanity—used to play long whist, and that the markers (bone) had been discovered in their dwelling-places; but that was an invention of the disciples of "Major A." to show contempt for the old foggies who still stuck to the old game.

Another respect in which the Indian of British Columbia differs from our Pall Mall friends is in his methods of making himself agreeable to the fair sex. Instead of giving little dinners at Richmond, or *cadeaux* of more or less value, he procures a serpent's skin and wears it as a waist-belt. In the month of August he gathers a root, which resembles two young people caressing one another (an article it would be rather difficult to purchase even at our Universal Provider's). Then he gets four hairs—a very modest version of "The Rape of the Lock"—from the girl he loves, which, together with four of his own (he must not be bald, like so many of our men of fashion), he places round the root. The next operation is less attractive, and would certainly be attended with difficulties in this country. The root is then tied up with the sinews of a corpse and wrapped round with the serpent's skin, after which he has no necessity even to whistle ("Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad"), for the young lady comes to him at once, and they live happily (or as happily as it is possible to live in British Columbia) ever afterwards.

Sometimes it strikes even the most law-abiding of us, as it did Mr. Bumble, that the law is an ass. A clergyman whose wife had been confined in lodgings was dissatisfied with her nurse, and sent for another, but the landlady, probably a friend of the first one, declined to receive her successor. She said she objected to "a lot of visitors." On the divine's complaining to a magistrate, he was told that he could insist on the nurse being admitted, and could even "put the landlady aside" if she obstructed her entrance, but at the same time he was advised to have a constable present, "not, of course, that he could interfere," but to act as a witness. Why, in the name of common sense, should he not interfere? I had once a drunken man-servant whom I naturally wished to be removed from my house. He was six feet high, solidly built, and in the obstinate stage of intoxication. I sent for a policeman and requested his assistance. "I can do nothing, Sir," he replied. "Then what is the good of you?" I inquired. "I am here, Sir," he said, "to see that no unnecessary violence is used." This absurd behaviour, it is fair to say, though, as in the above instance, countenanced by the magistrate, is not, I am told by a high legal authority, justified by any enactment. It is a popular error among policemen, which has extended to their superiors.

There is something interesting in the first sign of the advent of every new season, though this is more marked in our welcome to the heralds of summer—the birds and flowers that tell us that the frost and snow are gone for good, and the reign of sunshine has begun. When winter comes we should not, perhaps, hail it at all were it not that there is generally an interval between it and the autumn of particularly unpleasant weather—a chilly sloppiness which renders the change even to frost and the clear cold agreeable. In hilly districts, at all events, the sight of the first snow on the fell is distinctly pleasant. In London, where Nature cannot favour us with signs and tokens, the approach of winter is more marked than that of any season by the withdrawal of those more or less inappropriate ornaments with which we fill our grates, and the commencement of fires. The first fire is a most comfortable spectacle. Many of us put it off too late, either from economy or from the ridiculous idea that it brings on winter, just as making our wills is supposed to draw death nearer to us. There is also a monstrous notion that there should be no fires till the end of September, as though the time of year and not the inclemency of the weather should decide the matter. But when we do get our first fire, how cheerful and companionable it is! (Bachelors, I notice, have their first fire earlier than married folks, and very naturally.) How full of conversation, now in spurts and jets, now in continuous flow, but always brilliant! How splendid in its hues,

supposing, as should be, that ships' logs (not the books, but the timber) are part of its materials! How glowing its caves of coal!

"Well, you are glad to see me," it seems to say, "in spite of your pretended unwillingness and delays. You would have invited me in the storms and chills of August if your mother-in-law would have let you. I am better than the sun to you, because much more reliable, and also because even in the height of summer, except in the Arctic regions, he forsakes you at night. I am none of your fair-weather friends, not I, but just the contrary. There are some people who prefer stoves to fires, the same sort that put 'Paradise Regained' before 'Paradise Lost,' and grey mullet before red ones. Bah! they might as easily derive satisfaction from the contemplation of a pillar letter-box. Ain't I better than shavings and artificial flowers and Japanese screens? It is better that I should roar up the chimney, I reckon, than the wind down it. A famous writer has called me 'the great purifier of books and men.' I have not the least idea what he means, but he intends it as a compliment, and I have no doubt it is deserved. There is no man who has not at one time delighted in my society—'an old flame,' as he whispers gently. My long tongue makes me garrulous, you may say, but I flatter myself I have something to talk about. How many times have you given your unpaid bills, and the rejections from your sweethearts and your publishers, into my safe keeping—the only waste-paper basket that is to be trusted. Even when I am silent, when no longer leap their wonted fires from my ashes, there is company in their glowing depths as you watch them with your face between your hands. The Past is there, with the hopes of youth and the promise of Fame, and the smiles of Love. I am the Altar of Home," sings the Fire, not boastfully, but with a cheerful confidence, "and good to the last ember"—when a little hand is laid upon your shoulder, and a childish voice whispers in your ear, "There is the Parson and the Clerk going out, grandpapa, and it is time to go to bed."

The book is yet to be published which has for its subject the Martyrs of Science, but there is an excellent opening for it. The fate of those who have perished for their opinions, which, after all, only concern themselves, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred must necessarily be wrong, have been amply recorded, but no volume so far as I know has been written of those who have suffered, and sometimes died, in their efforts to make science of benefit to their fellow-creatures. The sacrifice is too often made without acknowledgment from the world at large. Nobody thinks of the student who offers his blood for transfusion, or the flesh from his arm for the repair of somebody else's nose. And now some University teachers in Iowa have voluntarily offered themselves to be experimented upon to show the effects of loss of sleep. This is a height of self-sacrifice to which, for my part, I could never attain. I have been robbed of my beer, (thanks to the gout) and borne it, but to be robbed of my sleep would be too much. Of all the devilish inventions of the Inquisition, the keeping its victims without sleep seems the most horrible. Yet three educated persons have submitted themselves to this torture quite recently—true vivisectionists indeed—for the love of science. Each subject was kept awake for four days and three nights! Think of it, ye gentleman of England who lie in bed at ease, and are "called" at eight a.m. or even later, and when you have one "sleepless night"—that is, a night in which you lay awake, perhaps, for two hours—make us all aware of it at breakfast! A veil is drawn over the means that were taken to keep these poor wretches awake; but it could not have been mere pins, and one suspects bradawls. Every six hours, observations were made as to the subject's power of attention, muscular strength, and memory. Think of his being cross-examined in the multiplication table, or asked to name the Kings of Judah in their proper order, when he yearned to "drop off"! Towards the end of the torture one is not surprised to hear that "the power of learning by rote was lessened, and the rapidity with which a row of figures could be added up was diminished." One would fear that the rapidity with which swear-words were uttered when such propositions were made to the patient was considerably increased. Even when the ordeal was over, the unfortunate victims were not, it appears, left at rest. "The first sound sleep was very sound, and for four hours or more the sleepers could with difficulty be awakened, even for a moment." With what emotions, if any were left to them, must they have regarded the attentions of these "harpy-footed furies," as Leigh Hunt terms them, after Milton, "fellows who come to call you"!

Even the most imaginative persons often attribute odours to a wrong cause. When they have been convinced that these do not arise from anything horrible they are quite content to bear them, but in the meantime they are much disturbed. The Sessions Court of Clerkenwell was visited the other day by a terrible aroma which alike affected the Bench, the Bar, and the jury-box. Two dauntless magistrates volunteered to discover its cause, and found it to be only a cheese being cut up for the prisoners. This was a great relief to everybody who was not in the charge-list; to them, unless they liked their

cheese very pronounced in flavour, it must have been depressing. One is reminded of *Punch's* awful threat, "Let the Gorgonzola loose!" But it could hardly have been Gorgonzola; nor even that fortunately rare cheese (from Italy, I think) which smells exactly like a pigsty. The most striking use of a cheese, or, rather, of its odour, in fiction, is in Mark Twain's "Invalid's Story," where the smell of a Limburg cheese is taken for something infinitely worse. It is rather a shocking tale, but I am bound to confess if you once permit yourself a laugh over it (which you ought not to do) you must go on, or, in the attempt to repress it, perish in convulsions.

The example of the young lady of Oldham—

Who when she got presents she sold 'em,

appears to be extensively followed by those whose engagements have been broken off. They positively decline to "part" with any of the gifts they have received on what by force of circumstances have become false pretences. Not a week goes by but some swain whose matrimonial prospects have become blighted—in vulgar circles called "a frost"—appeals to a magistrate to get his bridal presents back, and generally fails. The law, in spite of what is said to the contrary by the advocates of women's rights, is almost always on the side of the ladies. In a recent case it has been decided that a young woman might keep her diamond ring, but must give up a gold one "that had evidently been an emblem of the engagement." Girls that have had many offers and generous suitors may now wear their diamond rings not only for ornament's sake, but to denote, like scalps, the number of their victims. On the other hand, prudent wooers will in future either make their more valuable presents a post-nuptial arrangement, or confine them to such forms—of hearts or darts or true lovers'-knots—as may indicate their intention and meaning.

An American lady, trusting to the predictions of her favourite preacher, who had announced the end of the world at an early date, has made a present of her property to her friends, and has now, we are told, nothing to live upon. It is a sad case, but one has known objects more worthy of compassion. Her gifts could hardly be called generous, since she only gave away what she imagined would be of no further use to her. We are not surprised to read that she is trying to recover them by a law suit, though we should be very much so if she did it. It seems to me that it is the Parson, the cause of her lavish behaviour, who ought to pay. In England these clerical prophets are now at a discount, but I can remember when their vaticinations were literally "taken for gospel." One of the most humorous sermons of modern times was delivered upon this subject in Edinburgh. The preacher was referring to one of the announcements of the end of the world published by Dr. Cumming: "In spite of the confidence the learned Doctor has in his prophecy we hear that he has disposed of his work for the ordinary term of copyright, while his little daughters are being taught accomplishments that can be of little value to them unless they reach a marriageable age."

How strange is the feeling with which, after long years, one comes upon a volume which has been a favourite in one's boyhood! "Where," as the poet inquires, "is that boy now?" Where is the ardent admiration, the uncritical approval, the unfastidious taste that once were ours? Whither have fled the glory and the dream? Authors have no such enthusiastic readers as lads who are fond of reading. It is often their highest aspiration (unhappily evanescent) to do some great good to those who have given them such unequalled pleasure, to make return in some material manner for the imaginative gift they have enjoyed. In our youth, of course, the judgment is unripe, and our opportunities in the way of literary selection more or less limited, yet I think great mistakes are rarely made. The more intelligent of us do not take delight in mere "penny dreadfuls"; excitement and adventure we must have, but the narrative need not be preposterous. I remember when I was but a "little tiny boy" my favourite reading was a volume of the novel newspaper. It was a huge book which I could not hold, and I lay on my stomach and read it on the carpet. It had what seemed to me two particularly fine tales in it (both American, by-the-bye, and at that time "conveyed" by the publisher without expense), "Horseshoe Robinson" and "Nick of the Woods." The former I have never since beheld in any form, and I remember little about it; but the latter, which made a great impression on me, I got hold of the other day: an ancient and melancholy specimen of book-production, and with no date upon the title-page. If it has been republished, as it well deserves to be, of late years, I have no information about it. It is by Dr. Bird, and was evidently inspired by the earlier works of his contemporary, Fenimore Cooper. It is even fuller of fights with Indians, scalpings, and ambushments, and though there is nothing to compare with Hawkeye and his Delawares, it has at least one remarkable portrait—the fighting Quaker. The conversations are dull and the love passages stagey, but for action (and passion in the way of loss of temper) the book has few equals. I can easily imagine its captivating a boy's fancy, and, indeed, even now I have found less difficulty in getting to the end of it than with many belauded novels of the day.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Before settling down to the delight of seeing a Shaksperian play comparatively new to the modern stage, the conscientious student naturally wants to know what the authorities have said on the subject. And it is quite certain that essays upon essays have been devoted to the consideration of "Cymbeline" both as a play and as an opportunity for the display of the art of great actors and actresses. We want to know what all the great critics have said about it from—not to go back farther—the days of Hazlitt to those of John Oxenford, George Henry Lewes, and Professor Morley. And it is interesting also to learn what such artists as Macready and Helen Faust have said and thought of the characters entrusted to them in the various revivals of this alternately curious and charming play. For my own part I never fail to turn to a book called "Studies of Shakspeare," by George Fletcher, a Shaksperian student and critic little known now, but who in the early forties contributed these essays, I think, to the *Athenaeum* newspaper. After reading George Fletcher on the play of "Cymbeline" and the remarks of Helen Faust on the character of Imogen, both exhaustive and enthusiastic, it is astonishing to find that the modern intellectual mind, so far as I can see, is dead against "Cymbeline" as a play, and will not allow it to contain even the quality of imagination or the gift of poetry. The modern critic is inclined to chaff "Cymbeline" both as a play and as a poem. The plot—borrowed from Boccaccio—is sneered at; Posthumus Leonatus is ridiculed for sharing in an "infamous wager"; the trunk scene is voted ridiculous, and scant courtesy is shown to poor Imogen herself. And yet when the play is presented to the public as it is presented at the Lyceum, it gives infinite delight and pleasure, so far as I can see, to the poetical student and the mere amateur. If we only go to Shakspeare to find the "well-made play," as it is called, we shall find very few of them in his acting list. But in the case of "Cymbeline" who would not willingly endure the jumps from Great Britain to Rome, the "infamous wager," the trunk scene, the climax of happy endings, for the sake of the Fidele scenes so exquisitely played by Miss Ellen Terry, who has in Imogen a character after her own heart and temperament? Our thoughts are our own, our impressions are our own, and our opinions are our own, but I do not envy the feelings of man or woman who cannot enjoy to the utmost all the scenes of "Cymbeline" that succeed the entrance of Imogen in boy's clothes. I see before me that exquisitely pathetic figure of the boy-woman who has suffered so much for her unswerving faith, a woman amongst women, surely one of Shakspeare's sweetest heroines, certainly one of the very sweetest ever personated and adorned by Ellen Terry. I see also the noble-hearted Belarius played with much manly affection and chivalry by Frederic Robinson, an actor of the old school. And I see also the affectionate lads so charmingly acted by Benjamin Webster and Gordon Craig, who make a living picture out of the poem "Fear not thou the heat of the sun," which will not easily be shaken from the retentive memory of the playgoer. For these cave scenes alone I can readily forget some of the awkwardness of the construction of "Cymbeline," an awkwardness that has been reduced to a minimum by the admirable stage version of Henry Irving.

There were only two ways of playing Iachimo, and it was not difficult to guess to which the mind of Henry Irving would lean. Iachimo can either be made the smart, handsome, insinuating Italian lady-killer, a professional sensualist, or the intellectual lover who wins women by his grace and persuasive address, and his strong will and brain power. Henry Irving naturally selected the latter view, but he did more than that; he emphasised, as I think no actor before him has ever done, the repentant and conscience-haunted Iachimo. Is it so wonderful that the creator of Mathias and Eugene Aram and dozens of other fate-haunted scoundrels should desire to do this? There is no style of man that Henry Irving loves to study more than this, and when we see him in the last act of "Cymbeline," anxious to atone for the sins that have fallen from his hands, some of us wish that we, also, in some remote pastoral district had an Oberammergau, and with it its Passion Play directed by Henry Irving. In addition to the names I have mentioned, the Queen of Miss Geneyièvre Ward is a fine study, and a most useful contribution to the play; the brothers Cooper are both excellent as Posthumus and Lucius; and I do not think sufficient credit has been given to Norman Forbes for his delightful and humorous reading of Cloten the braggart.

I advise everyone to see "Two Little Vagabonds" at the Princess's. M. Decourcelle's clever and pathetic play has been admirably treated by George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley. In fact they have accomplished that most difficult of all tasks: they have made a first-class English play out of a brilliant French one. The two little boys are delightfully played by Miss Kate Tyndall and Miss Sydney Fairbrother. In fact, they have fairly astonished the play-going world, and have drawn more tears than were ever shed in a London theatre since the days of "The Two Orphans," a play, by the way, written by d'Ennery, the uncle of the author of "Les Deux Gosses." The play is sound and good, human and interesting. There would appear to be a small fortune in it.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE LATE MR. FRED BARNARD.

Mr. Fred Barnard, who perished on Sunday night in a burning house at Wimbledon, had been long familiar as an illustrator in black and white. His pictures, too, had many admirers—notably, the "Sidney Carton on the Scaffold," which was exhibited at Burlington House more than a dozen years ago. Many books owed their illustrations to his pencil, among others an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." But Fred Barnard was known best of all by his illustrations of Dickens and by his contributions to *The Illustrated London News*. He has been called the Charles Dickens among black-and-white artists, and his name will always be associated with that of the novelist, whose spirit he caught with wonderful skill in his renderings of Pickwick, Pecksniff, Mark Tapley, Bill Sikes, and the rest. Dickens had many illustrators of eminence, but none, perhaps, who brought gaiety and pathos, beauty and burlesque, so even-handedly to his inexhaustible task. Mr. Barnard, when he met with his death, was in the house of Mr. Myall in Merton Hall Road, Wimbledon; and the fatal fire originated in the

to his hearers, and doubtless to the thousands who have subsequently read them, from the fact that they had no party motive, but formed simply the impassioned appeal of a man, and a private citizen, on behalf of oppressed humanity. Particularly valuable, at the time of popular agitation, was the speaker's insistence on the fact that it is no crusade against Mohammedanism which is needed, but a vindication of the claims of humanity to humane treatment and government. The practical remedies suggested by Mr. Gladstone cannot be said to offer any solution of the difficulties of the situation. Any independent action on the part of England, or, indeed, on the part of any of the other Powers, in the present state of international relations would destroy the peace of all the countries concerned, and could only involve the wretched Armenians themselves in further disaster. Among our Illustrations we give portraits of Mr. Wrench, the British Consul at Constantinople, and Mr. W. Thompson, British Harbour-Master, both of whom have won much approval from their compatriots by the zeal and discretion which they have shown in their protection of British property and interests in the Turkish capital, and in the assistance they have lent to the many Armenian refugees who have sought British aid. Another of our Illustrations shows the alleged Armenian explosives as they were exhibited at Galata. They have since been withdrawn from public view for fear of their inflammatory effect on the popular mind.

## THE CZAR AND CZARINA AT BALMORAL.

Notwithstanding the bad weather the arrival of the Emperor and Empress of Russia at Ballater and their journey thence to Balmoral was a very picturesque affair. The main features of the journey were briefly described in our last issue, but this week we give two Illustrations of the striking scenes which brought it to a close. Ballater Station was brilliantly illuminated by countless electric lights, and within its precincts a guard of honour of the Black Watch was drawn up, while in the courtyard outside waited an escort of the Scots Greys. On the platform their Majesties were received by the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess of York, and as they took their places in a carriage drawn by four grey horses, a number of Highland pipers played a shrill pibroch of welcome. At frequent intervals along the route from Ballater to Balmoral bonfires turned night into day, and the scene was yet further illuminated by countless torches borne by men of the Crathie and Ballater Volunteers and the Balmoral Highlanders. Very unfavourable weather has frustrated several of the plans previously made by the Queen for the entertainment of her Majesty's imperial visitors, but the Czar has had some deer-stalking in the royal forests and some grouse-shooting on the Glenmuick Moors, and the Queen and the Czarina have made sundry drives and expeditions in the neighbourhood. The Emperor and Empress are to leave Balmoral this evening (Oct. 3) for Portsmouth, where they will re-embark on the imperial yacht *Standart* for Cherbourg.

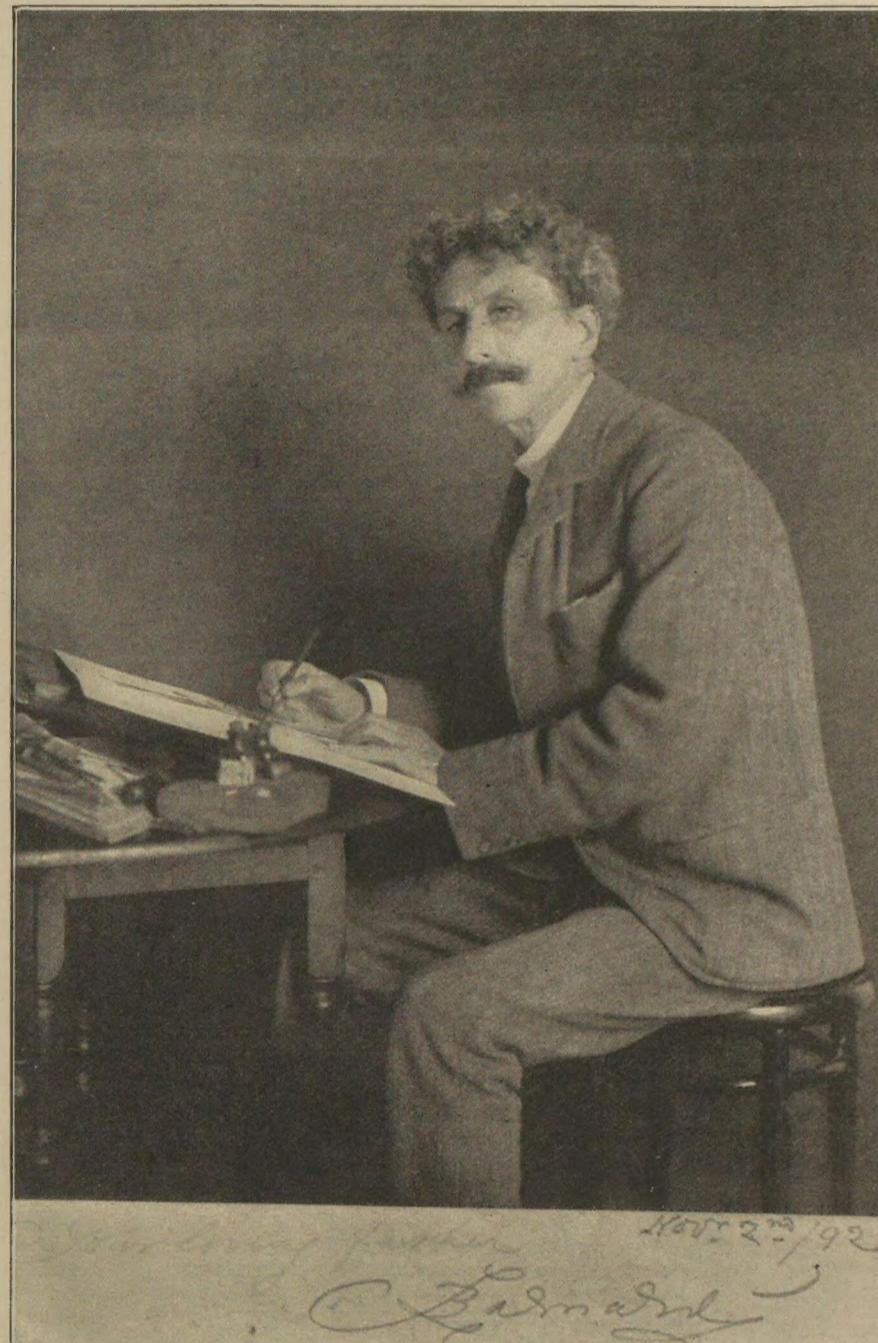
## LITERARY LANDMARKS OF EDINBURGH.

Under the above title our Artist has grouped together his impressions of five picturesque houses of old Edinburgh in one way or another connected with literary history. The house of John Knox, in High Street, is, of course, associated with the wider issues of national history, for here the great reformer received the proud envoys of his Queen and the Lords of the Congregation; here, too, he wrote his "Confession of Faith" and whatever was his share in "The First Book of Discipline." The quaint old building presents a strikingly picturesque appearance as it stands to-day, with its three-storeyed height and curious gables projecting into the street. A frontage of fine old timber makes Allan

Ramsay's shop a noticeable feature of the High Street. Here the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" first pursued his labours as author and bookseller, publishing his poems on loose sheets for a penny or two. The other house named after Ramsay in our Artist's sketch is the little villa, of curious octagonal shape, which he built for himself out of his savings on the northern bank of the Esplanade. The house in which Smollett lodged for some time is distinguished by a curious circular abutment. The White Horse Inn, in St. Mary's Wynd, was patronised by Dr. Johnson when he visited the Scottish capital.

## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The expeditionary force halted on Sept. 22 about ten miles north of Dongola, and early the next morning advanced in battle formation on the Dervish position, and before ten o'clock Dongola was occupied. The Dervishes offered scarcely any resistance, but retreated before the Sirdar's force. A small section who stood their ground were cut down, and the rest were pursued into the desert by the cavalry when once the bombardment of Dongola by the gun-boats had cleared the town. Many of the Dervishes were killed, and great numbers surrendered, and it seems probable that their spirit is quite broken and that they will evacuate the entire district. On Sept. 24 the Sirdar held a review of the whole force, and a new camp was formed on a healthier site three miles outside the town. The Sirdar has since left Dongola on an extended tour of inspection.



artist's own room, where he had evidently been smoking in bed. Though he survived until the fire was extinguished, he was unable to give any account of the accident by which, under circumstances so tragic, he lost his life.

## THE TURKISH CRISIS.

The deadlock in the position of Turkish affairs in international politics still stands much as it did a week ago, although the cry of outraged humanity goes up with more and more insistence. The special Council which met at Constantinople on Sept. 19 did, it seems, decide upon certain measures tending to a reconciliation between the Turkish and Armenian subjects of the Sultan; but, in spite of Abdul Hamid's protestations of a desire to restore order and regain public confidence, further incidents of a lamentable character have not been wanting. The later particulars concerning the massacre at Eguin show that upwards of eight hundred Armenians perished at the hands of the Kurds. Smaller massacres, of some hundred victims each, have since taken place at Ghemerik and Divrig. The horror with which the sufferings of the Armenians have naturally inspired English men and women has been forcibly expressed by demonstrations and meetings throughout the kingdom. A great gathering at Liverpool on Sept. 24 was rendered notable by the emergence of Mr. Gladstone from his retirement to protest against the despotism of the Sultan and the inaction of the Powers. The utterances of the veteran statesman, who spoke with all his wonted eloquence and fire, carried additional weight

## PERSONAL.

The sad announcement of the death of Captain Henry B. Lang was received by the Admiralty last week from the

Commander-in-Chief of the Squadron on the China Station, but the fatal accident which caused it occurred on Sept. 11 on the Fish River, Grossevitch Bay. A boat belonging to H.M.S. *Narcissus* capsized, from some cause unknown, and Captain Lang was drowned, together with three seamen—John Flannagan, Jesse Ousley, and John Pearce.

It is one of life's ironies that an experienced naval officer should lose his life in such a manner, especially after escaping what are apparently far greater perils. In the early days of his service, Captain Lang was on board the *Bombay* when she was destroyed by fire off Monte Video, ninety-seven of her officers and crew perishing. Captain Lang entered the Navy in 1859, and became a Commander in 1880 and a Captain nine years later.

Sir Edward Fry's protest against secret commissions is an echo, and no doubt a much needed one, of the Lord Chief Justice's recent remarks on the same subject. To judge by their newspapers, architects seem to take themselves to be the targets at which these shafts have been particularly aimed. But the secret commission, in some form or other, has its ramifications in nearly every trade and deal, from the money held back by Ananias to the tip the butcher sends to the cook. It is almost forgotten now that the Prince of Wales himself, many years ago, presided at a conference held to consider the bad habit of tips passing from tradesmen to servants. According to law, as Lord Russell of Killowen administered it, and as Sir Edward Fry expounds it, the secret commission has always been recovered by the master or principal from the agent or servant to whom it has been paid. The amounts thus reckoned which are due from butlers and cooks to their masters and mistresses must make a grand aggregate that would cause the mouth of even a Chancellor of the Exchequer to water.

By the death of Sir George Morrison, formerly Town Clerk of Leeds, the legal profession in the provinces loses one of its most able representatives. Sir George, indeed, had a Metropolitan reputation, and when he spoke for a deputation which went to the Local Government Board about the Waterworks Rating Bill, Mr. George Russell described his speech as one of the "most lucid, most exhaustive, and most persuasive speeches ever made before a Public Department." Sir George lived to be only forty-five years of age; and at the time of his death he had just entered on a new career. His gifts of speech had little play in his professional life as a solicitor, and he therefore entered for the Bar in 1892, to which he was subsequently called.

After much debate it has been decided that the functionaries of the French Republic shall wear the dress of civilians in the ceremonies of the Czar's reception in Paris. The President is to sit in the imperial carriage with his back to the horses, a position which is likely to excite unfavourable comment. It is remembered, however, that when the Queen visited France in the Second Empire, Napoleon III. sat with his back to the horses without compromising his dignity. Besides, the unfortunate M. Faure must sit somewhere, and it is not to be supposed that he would put the Czar, or, for that matter, any other visitor of distinction, in the less consequential place.

Sir George Murray Humphry, the well-known Professor of Surgery in the University of Cambridge, did more

than any other man to win for the University its present honourable repute as a school of medicine. Before his time the Natural Science Tripos attracted few candidates, and was not considered a possible approach to a Fellowship, and it was owing to his exertions that the



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
THE LATE SIR GEORGE HUMPHRY, M.D., F.R.S.

standard of the examination was raised, while students were invited by the offering of Natural Science Scholarships. The late Professor was the son of a barrister, and was born seventy years ago. His early study of medicine was made under the well-known physician Mr. Crosse, of Norwich.

Later on he became a student at St. Bartholomew's and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was subsequently elected one of the Council of the latter institution and a member of the Board of Examiners. Not long after graduating at Cambridge he set up in practice there, and thirty years ago became Professor of Anatomy to the University, a chair which he only forsook in 1883 for that of Surgery. Sir George, who was knighted in 1891, was a Fellow of several colleges and many learned societies, and was the author of a number of valuable contributions to medical literature.

The Khedive is alleged to have paid a secret visit to Paris for the purpose of concerting unpleasantness for England with M. Hanotaux. It is rather a wild legend, but the observers shake their heads suggestively over a gap in the Khedive's holiday excursion. His movements between two specific dates cannot be accounted for by the observers whose business it is to keep an eye on royal personages. In this case, however, the wish seems father to the thought—that is to say, the thought of certain French journalists who have Egypt on the brain.

A banquet at Cambridge to Prince Ranjitsinhji fitly commemorated the renown of this remarkable cricketer. "Ranji," as he is affectionately called, is a Cambridge man; indeed, he learned his cricket at the University only a few years ago. He has since developed a skill which makes him, in some ways, the finest batsman of his generation. Such a combination of ease, grace, and dexterity has never been seen in the cricket field. Moreover, his batting average is the highest on record. The cricketers of his adopted country do well to be proud of him.

At an appropriate moment, when British eyes are once again fixed on Dongola, the Officers' Mess of the Royal Sussex Regiment, now stationed at Brighton, which rendered signal service in the last Nile Expedition, has been presented by Lieutenant-Colonel F. Selwyn Campbell with a handsome silver centrepiece, commemorating the campaign and the donor's twenty-two years' service in the regiment. The trophy, which is the handiwork of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, consists of a finely modelled camel with a rider in the uniform worn during the campaign, standing upon an ebony base, having on each side the regimental crest in silver surrounded by laurel wreaths, with the names of the regimental honours inscribed on ribbons; and at each end are similar wreaths bearing



TROPHY PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE  
ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT.

"35" and crown above. Surrounding the base are six pedestals, and standing upon them are silver statuettes representing men in the uniforms of the regiment from 1701 to 1895. It will be remembered that the 35th was the first regiment to get up the Nile, and reached Dongola many weeks before the greater portion of the troops employed in the expedition had left Lower Egypt. In recognition of the hard work and hardships occasioned by this ascent as an advance guard during the heat of the summer, Lord Wolseley selected a portion of this regiment to act as Sir Charles Wilson's bodyguard on his ill-fated voyage from Gubat to Khartoum, and, earlier in the campaign, to be the only complete battalion in the Desert Column which left Korti for Abu Klea and Gubat under the late Sir Herbert Stewart. Two days before this column started from Korti to make a dash across the Bayuda Desert, the officers and men of the 35th were supplied with camels, and thus hastily converted into a camel corps, an almost unique experience for an infantry battalion.

The melancholy case of Sir Edwin Arnold has been left to the judgment of posterity. His poem on the Queen's reign appeared as an advertisement, designed to set off the beauties of sewing-machines, tobacco, and bottled stout. He complained indignantly of this outrage, and the advertising agent replied that he had bought the poem on the express understanding that he should do what he liked with it. Sir Edwin Arnold declared that he believed this arrangement to refer only to the recognised methods of publication. That is intelligible enough. No bard of Sir Edwin's distinction would sell his rhymes with the deliberate idea of their being used to puff tobacco, or to put a "head" on malt liquor. The case of Sir John Millais and "Bubbles" is not analogous. That picture was undoubtedly bought from the artist for the express purpose of a commercial poster; but the application of fine art to a poster is not derogatory to fine art, whereas the application of a poem on the Queen's reign to the purpose of attracting attention to contiguous announcements of stout and sewing-machines is incongruous and absurd.

Another poet, Mr. William Watson, is reported to have met with an accident in Madeira. He was riding for the

first time in his life, and when the horse cantered he fell off and received a severe shaking. So runs the legend, which may do injustice to Mr. Watson's horsemanship. He can ride Pegasus with consummate grace and dexterity, but the mere material quadruped on which one takes equestrian exercise is a very different animal.

To the list of distinguished men whom the world of medicine has lately lost, the name of the eminent surgeon

Sir John Eric Erichsen must now be added, together with that of Sir George Humphry. Sir John was born in 1818 at Copenhagen, where his father was a merchant of repute, but by education he was a thorough Englishman. After winning distinction at University College, London, he eventually

became Assistant Surgeon at University College Hospital, and in 1850 Professor of Surgery to the same institution. He subsequently followed Professor Quain in the Holme Professorship of Clinical Surgery, and won fame as the author of "The Science and Art of Surgery," which has long been considered the most authoritative work of the kind in English medical literature. After being elected successively a member of the Council and an Examiner of the College of Surgeons, he was appointed President of the College in 1880, and seven years later became President of University College, London. He was also President of the International Medical Congress of 1881, a Fellow of many learned societies, and Senior Surgeon-Extraordinary to her Majesty. He was made a Baronet last year, but the title becomes extinct with his death, since he leaves no children.

It was probably with feelings of regret that the British public learned the Government's decision that the charges against Haines and Kearney of complicity in a dynamite conspiracy are not such as can come under the extradition treaty between Great Britain and the Netherlands, and that no proceedings will therefore be taken to secure their extradition. The fate of Tynan still hangs in the balance, but the opinion that the French authorities will not accede to the demand of the British Government for his extradition continues to gain ground. The further examination of Edward Ivory, or Bell, at Bow Street, has not led to more than a circumstantial corroboration of the connection between the four conspirators, and the confirmation of the evidence against their dastardly designs.

The old story that the Dervishes possessed swords and coats of mail dating back to the Crusades is confirmed by the capture of some of these interesting relics after the recent engagement on the Nile. The history of the armour and weapons used originally in Palestine, and found again after seven hundred years in the Soudan, would make a breathless chapter of romance. History plays the romantic drama on a scale that the most daring melodramatic playwright may envy; for who, even on the stage, would have ventured to make the officer of a British expedition in the Soudan encounter Arab warriors clad in the mail of Richard Coeur de Lion's knights?

In view of the very little fighting with which Dongola has now been successfully occupied, Commander Colville's wound is the more to be regretted. The injured

officer is, however, being rapidly taken back to the base under the care of Surgeon-Major Sloggett, in one of the steamers by which the North Staffordshire Regiment is returning to Cairo, and it is not anticipated that his injuries will develop any cause for

grave alarm. In the final advance on Dongola Commander Colville directed the spirited attack of the gun-boats *Tanai*, *Metamme*, and *Zalir*, which shelled the Dervish position, and then wrought havoc among the retreating force with their 12-pounds. This action was so successful that Commander Colville was able to land almost immediately, in company with Captains Robertson and Fitz-Clarence, Lieutenant Beatty, and one hundred men, and proceeded to occupy the old Government buildings. Here he had the pleasure of hoisting the Egyptian flag above the great store of provisions left abandoned by the flying Dervishes.



Photo by Mr. Melhuish.

THE LATE SIR ERIC ERICHSEN, BART.



Photo Symonds, Portsmouth.

COMMANDER COLVILLE.



THE TURKISH CRISIS: ARMENIAN PRISONERS ARRIVING FOR TRIAL AT THE COURTS OF JUSTICE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

*Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.*



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## CHAPTER I.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we have eaten an excellent dinner, we are a company of intelligent men—although I allow that we should have difficulty in proving that we are so if it became known that we sat down with a Scotchman—and now pray do not mar the self-satisfaction which intelligent men experience after dining, by making assertions based on ignorance and maintained by sophistry."

"Why, Sir," cried Goldsmith, "I doubt if the self-satisfaction of even the most intelligent of men—whom I take to be myself—is interfered with by any demonstration of an inferior intellect on the part of another."

Edmund Burke laughed, understanding the meaning of the twinkle in Goldsmith's eye. Sir Joshua Reynolds, having reproduced—with some care—that twinkle, turned the bell of his ear-trumpet with a smile in the direction of Johnson; but Boswell and Garrick sat with solemn faces. The former showed that he was more impressed than ever with the conviction that Goldsmith was the most blatantly conceited of mankind, and the latter—as Burke perceived in a moment—was solemn in mimicry of Boswell's solemnity. When Johnson had given a roll or two on his chair and had pursed out his lips in the act of speaking, Boswell turned an eager face towards him, putting his left hand behind his ear so that he might not lose a word that might fall from his oracle. Upon Garrick's face was precisely the same expression, but it was his right hand that he put behind his ear.

Goldsmith and Burke laughed together at the marvellous imitation of the Scotchman by the actor, and at exactly the same instant the conscious and unconscious comedians on the other side of the table turned their heads in the direction first of Goldsmith, then of Burke. Both faces were identical as regards expression. It was the expression of a man who is greatly grieved. Then, with the exactitude of two automatic figures worked by the same machinery, they turned their heads again toward Johnson.

"Sir," said Johnson, "your endeavour to evade the consequences of maintaining a silly argument by thrusting forward a question touching upon mankind in general, suggests an assumption on your part that my intelligence is of an inferior order to your own, and that, Sir, I cannot permit to pass unrebuked."

"Nay, Sir," cried Boswell eagerly, "I cannot believe that Dr. Goldsmith's intention was so monstrous."

"And the very fact of your believing that, Sir, amounts almost to a positive proof that the contrary is the case," roared Johnson.

"Pray, Sir, do not condemn me on such evidence," said Goldsmith.

"Men have been hanged on less," remarked Burke. "But, to return to the original matter, I should like to know upon what facts—"

"Ah, Sir, to introduce facts into any controversy on a point of art would indeed be a departure," said Goldsmith solemnly. "I cannot countenance a proceeding which threatens to strangle the imagination."

"And you require yours to be particularly healthy just now, Doctor. Did you not tell us that you were about to write a *Natural History*?" said Garrick.

"Well, I remarked that I had got paid for doing so—that's not just the same thing," laughed Goldsmith.

"Ah, the money is in hand; the *Natural History* is left to the imagination," said Reynolds. "That is the most satisfactory arrangement."

"Yes, for the author," said Burke. "Some time ago it was the book which was in hand, and the payment was left to the imagination."

"These sallies are all very well in their way," said Garrick, "but their brilliance tends to blind us to the real

issue of the question that Dr. Goldsmith introduced, which I take it was, Why should not acting be included among the arts? As a matter of course, the question possesses no more than a casual interest to any of the gentlemen present, with the exception of Mr. Burke and myself. I am an actor and Mr. Burke is a statesman—another branch of the same profession—and therefore we are vitally concerned in the settlement of the question."

"The matter never rose to the dignity of being a question, Sir," said Johnson. "It must be apparent to the humblest intelligence—nay, even to Boswell's—that acting is a trick, not a profession—a diversion, not an art. I am ashamed of Dr. Goldsmith for having contended to the contrary."

"It must only have been in sport, Sir," said Boswell mildly.

"Sir, Dr. Goldsmith may have earned reprobation," cried Johnson, "but he has been guilty of nothing so heinous as to deserve the punishment of having you as his advocate."

"Oh, Sir, surely Mr. Boswell is the best one in the world to pronounce an opinion as to what was said in sport, and what in earnest," said Goldsmith. "His fine sense of humour—"

"Sir, have you seen the picture which he got painted of himself on his return from Corsica?" shouted Johnson.

"Gentlemen, these diversions may be well enough for you," said Garrick, "but in my ears they sound as the jests of the crowd must in the ears of a wretch on his way to Tyburn. Think, Sirs, of the position occupied by Mr. Burke and myself at the present moment. Are we to be branded as outcasts because we happen to be actors?"

"Undoubtedly you at least are, Davy," cried Johnson. "And good enough for you too, you rascal!"

"And, for my part, I would rather be an outcast with David Garrick than become chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury," said Goldsmith.

"Dr. Goldsmith, let me tell you that it is unbecoming in you, who have relations in the Church, to make such an assertion," said Johnson sternly. "What, Sir, does friendship occupy a place before religion in your estimation?"

"The Archbishop could easily get another chaplain, Sir, but whither could the stage look for another Garrick?" said Goldsmith.

"Psha! Sir, the puppets which we saw last week in Panton Street delighted the town more than ever Mr. Garrick did," cried Johnson; and when he perceived that Garrick coloured at this sally of his, he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

Reynolds took snuff.

"Dr. Goldsmith said he could act as adroitly as the best of the puppets—I heard him myself," said Boswell.

"That was only his vain boasting which you have so frequently noted with that acuteness of observation that makes you the envy of our circle," said Burke. "You understand the Irish temperament perfectly, Mr. Boswell. But to resort to the original point raised by Goldsmith; surely, Dr. Johnson, you will allow that an actor of genius is at least on a level with a musician of genius."

"Sir, I will allow that he is on a level with a fiddler if that will satisfy you," replied Johnson.

"Surely, Sir, you must allow that Mr. Garrick's art is superior to that of Signor Piozzi whom we heard play at Dr. Burney's," said Burke.

"Yes, Sir; David Garrick has the good luck to be an Englishman, and Piozzi the ill-luck to be an Italian," replied Johnson. "Sir, 'tis no use affecting to maintain that you regard acting as on a level with the arts. I will not put an affront upon your intelligence by supposing that you actually believe what your words would imply."

# The JESSAMY Bride

by  
F. FRANKFORT MOORE

"You can take your choice, Mr. Burke," said Goldsmith: "whether will you have the affront put upon your intelligence or your sincerity?"

"I am sorry that I am compelled to leave the company for a space, just as there seems to be some chance of the argument becoming really interesting to me personally," said Garrick, rising; "but the fact is that I rashly made an engagement for this hour. I shall be gone for perhaps twenty minutes, and meantime you may be able to come to some agreement on a matter which, I repeat, is one of vital importance to Mr. Burke and myself; and so, Sirs, farewell for the present."

He gave one of those bows of his, to witness which was a liberal education in the days when grace was an art, and left the room.

"If Mr. Garrick's bow does not prove my point, no argument that I can bring forward will produce any impression upon you, Sir," said Goldsmith.

"The dog is well enough," said Johnson; "but he has need to be kept in his place, and I believe that there is no one whose attempts to keep him in his place he will tolerate as he does mine."

"And what do you suppose is Mr. Garrick's place, Sir?" asked Goldsmith. "Do you believe that if we were all to stand on one another's shoulders, as certain acrobats do, with Garrick on the shoulder of the topmost man, we should succeed in keeping him in his proper place?"

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "your question is as ridiculous as anything you have said to-night, and to say so much, Sir, is, let me tell you, to say a good deal."

"What a pity it is that honest Goldsmith is so persistent in his attempts to shine," whispered Boswell to Burke.

"'Tis a great pity, truly, that a lark should try to make its voice heard in the neighbourhood of a Niagara," said Burke.

"Pray, Sir, what is a Niagara?" asked Boswell.

"A Niagara?" said Burke. "Better ask Dr. Goldsmith; he alluded to it in his latest poem. Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Boswell wishes to know what a Niagara is."

"Sir," said Goldsmith, who had caught every word of the conversation in undertone. "Sir, Niagara is the Dr. Johnson of the New World."

## CHAPTER II.

The conversation took place in the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, where the party had just dined. Dr. Johnson had been quite as good company as usual. There was a general feeling that he had rarely insulted Boswell so frequently in the course of a single evening—but, then, Boswell had rarely so laid himself open to insult as he had upon this evening—and when he had finished with the Scotchman, he turned his attention to Garrick, the opportunity being afforded him by Oliver Goldsmith, who had been unguarded enough to say a word or two regarding that which he termed "the art of acting."

"Dr. Goldsmith, I am ashamed of you, Sir," cried the great Dictator. "Who gave you the authority to add to the number of the arts 'the art of acting'? We shall hear of the art of dancing next, and every tumbler who kicks up the sawdust will have the right to call himself an artist. Madame Violante, who gave Peggy Woffington her first lesson on the tight-rope, will rank with Miss Kauffman, the painter—nay, every poodle that dances on its hind legs in public will be an artist."

It was in vain that Goldsmith endeavoured to show that the admission of acting to the list of arts scarcely entailed such consequences as Johnson asserted would be inevitable,

if that admission were once made; it was in vain that Garrick asked if the fact that painting was included among the arts caused sign-painters to claim for themselves the standing of artists; and, if not, why there was any reason to suppose that the tumblers to whom Johnson had alluded would advance their claims to be on a level with the highest interpreters of the emotions of humanity. Dr. Johnson roared down every suggestion that was offered to him most courteously by his friends.

Then, in the exuberance of his spirits, he insulted Boswell and told Burke he did not know what he was talking about. In short, he was thoroughly Johnsonian, and considered himself the best of company, and eminently capable of pronouncing an opinion as to what were the elements of a clubable man.

He had succeeded in driving one of his best friends out of the room, and in reducing the others of the party to silence—all except Boswell, who, as usual, tried to start him upon a discussion of some subtle point of theology. Boswell seems invariably to have adopted this course after

company at this sally. He felt that he, and he only, could succeed in drawing his best from Johnson.

"Nay, Dr. Johnson, you are too hard on the Scotch," he murmured, but in no deprecatory tone. He seemed to be under the impression that everyone present was envying him, and he smiled as if he felt that it was necessary for him to accept with meekness the distinction of which he was the recipient.

"Come, Goldy," cried Johnson, turning his back upon Boswell, "you must not be silent, or I will think that you feel aggrieved because I got the better of you in the argument."

"Argument, Sir?" said Goldsmith. "I protest that I was not aware that any argument was under consideration. You make short work of another's argument, Doctor."

"'Tis due to the logical faculty which I have in common with Mr. Boswell, Sir," said Johnson, with a twinkle.

"The logical faculty of the elephant when it lies down

told the waiter to lead the clergyman up to the room. Oliver's face undoubtedly wore an expression of greater curiosity than that of any of his friends, before the waiter returned, followed by an elderly and somewhat undersized clergyman wearing a full-bottomed wig and the bands and apron of a dignitary of the Church. He walked stiffly, with an erect carriage that gave a certain dignity to his short figure. His face was white, but his eyebrows were extremely bushy. He had a slight squint in one eye.

The bow which he gave on entering the room was profuse but awkward. It contrasted with the farewell salute of Garrick on leaving the table twenty minutes before. Everyone present, with the exception of Oliver, perceived in a moment a family resemblance in the clergyman's bow to that with which Goldsmith was accustomed to receive his friends. A little jerk which the visitor gave in raising his head was laughably like a motion made by Goldsmith, supplemental to his usual bow.

"Gentlemen," said the visitor, with a wave of his



"Nay, gentlemen, I insist," continued the stranger; "you embarrass me with your courtesy."

he had been thoroughly insulted, and to have been, as a rule, very successful in its practice: it usually led to his attaining to the distinction of another rebuke for him to gloat over.

He now thought that the exact moment had come for him to find out what Dr. Johnson thought on the subject of the Immortality of the Soul.

"Pray, Sir," said he, shifting his chair so as to get between Reynolds' ear-trumpet and his oracle—his jealousy of Sir Joshua's ear-trumpet was as great as his jealousy of Goldsmith. "Pray, Sir, is there any evidence among the ancient Egyptians that they believed that the soul of man was imperishable?"

"Sir," said Johnson, after a huge roll or two, "there is evidence that the ancient Egyptians were in the habit of introducing a *memento mori* at a feast, lest the partakers of the banquet should become too merry."

"Well, Sir?" said Boswell eagerly, as Johnson made a pause.

"Well, Sir, we have no need to go to the trouble of introducing such an object, since Scotchmen are so plentiful in London, and so ready to accept the offer of a dinner," said Johnson, quite in his pleasantest manner.

Boswell was more elated than the others of the

on its tormentor, the wolf," muttered Goldsmith, who had just acquired some curious facts for his *Animated Nature*.

At that moment one of the tavern-waiters entered the room with a message to Goldsmith that his cousin, the Dean, had just arrived and was anxious to obtain permission to join the party.

"My cousin, the Dean! What Dean? What does the man mean?" said Goldsmith, who appeared to be both surprised and confused.

"Why, Sir," said Boswell, "you have told us more than once that you had a cousin who was a dignitary of the Church."

"Have I indeed?" said Goldsmith. "Then I suppose, if I said so, this must be the very man. A Dean is he?"

"Sir, it is ill-mannered to keep even a curate waiting in the common-room of a tavern," said Johnson, who was not the man to shrink from any sudden addition to his audience of an evening. "If your relation were an Archbishop, Sir, this company would be worthy to receive him. Pray give the order to show him into this room."

Goldsmith seemed lost in thought. He gave a start when Johnson had spoken, and in no very certain tone

hand, "I entreat of you to be seated." His voice and accent more than suggested Goldsmith's, although he had only a suspicion of an Irish brogue. If Oliver had made an attempt to disown his relationship, no one in the room would have regarded him as sincere. "Nay, gentlemen, I insist," continued the stranger; "you embarrass me with your courtesy."

"Sir," said Johnson, "you will not find that any company over which I have the honour to preside is found lacking in its duty to the Church."

"I am the humblest of its ministers, Sir," said the stranger, with a deprecatory bow. Then he glanced round the room, and with an exclamation of pleasure went towards Goldsmith. "Ah! I do not need to ask which of this distinguished company is my cousin Nolly—I beg your pardon, Oliver—ah, old times—old times!" He had caught Goldsmith's hands in both his own and was looking into his face with a pathetic air. Goldsmith seemed a little embarrassed. His smile was but the shadow of a smile. The rest of the party averted their heads, for in the long silence that followed the exclamation of the visitor, there was an element of pathos.

Curiously enough a sudden laugh came from Sir Joshua Reynolds, causing all faces to be turned in his

direction. An aspect of stern rebuke was now worn by Dr. Johnson. The painter hastened to apologise.

"I ask your pardon, Sir," he said gravely, "but—Sir, I am a painter—my name is Reynolds—and—well, Sir, the family resemblance between you and our dear friend Dr. Goldsmith—a resemblance that perhaps only a painter's eye could detect—seemed to me so extraordinary as you stood together, that—"

"Not another word, Sir, I entreat of you," cried the visitor. "My cousin Oliver and I have not met for—how many years is it, Nolly? Not eleven—no, it cannot be eleven—and yet—"

"Ah, Sir," said Oliver, "time is fugitive—very fugitive."

He shook his head sadly.

"I am pleased to hear that you have acquired this knowledge, which the wisdom of the ancients have crystallised in a phrase," said the stranger. "But you must present me to your friends, Noll—Oliver, I mean. You, Sir"—he turned to Reynolds—"have told me your name. Am I fortunate enough to be face to face with Sir Joshua Reynolds? Oh, there can be no doubt about it. Oliver dedicated his last poem to you. Sir, I am your servant. And you, Sir"—he turned to Burke—"I seem to have seen your face somewhere—it is strangely familiar—"

"That gentleman is Mr. Burke, Sir," said Goldsmith. He was rapidly recovering from his embarrassment, and spoke with something of an air of pride, as he made a gesture with his right hand towards Burke. The clergyman made precisely the same gesture with his left hand, crying—

"What, Mr. Edmund Burke, the friend of Liberty—the friend of the people?"

"The same, Sir," said Oliver. "He is, besides, the friend of Oliver Goldsmith."

"Then he is my friend also," said the clergyman. "Sir, to be in a position to shake you by the hand is the greatest privilege of my life."

"You do me great honour, Sir," said Burke.

Goldsmith was burning to draw the attention of his relative to Dr. Johnson, who on his side was looking anything but pleased at being so far neglected.

"Mr. Burke, you are our countryman—Oliver's and mine—and I know you are sound on the Royal Marriage Act. I should dearly like to have a talk with you on that iniquitous measure. You opposed it, Sir?"

"With all my power, Sir," said Burke.

"Give me your hand again, Sir. Mrs. Luttrell was an honour to her sex, and it is she who confers an honour upon the Duke of Cumberland, not the other way about. You are with me, Mr. Burke? Eh, what is the matter, cousin Noll? Why do you work with your arm that way?"

"There are other gentlemen in the room, Mr. Dean," said Oliver.

"They can wait," cried Mr. Dean. "They are certain to be inferior to Mr. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds. If I should be wrong, they will not feel mortified at what I have said."

"This is Mr. Boswell, Sir," said Goldsmith.

"Mr. Boswell—of where, Sir?"

"Mr. Boswell, of—of Scotland, Sir."

"Scotland, the land where the clergymen write plays for the theatre. Your clergymen might be better employed, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Boswell, Sir."

"Mr. Boswell. Yes, I hope you will look into this matter should you ever visit your country again—a remote possibility, from all that I can hear of your countrymen."

"Why, Sir, since Mr. Home wrote his tragedy of 'Douglas'—began Boswell, but he was interrupted by the stranger.

"What, you would condone his offence?" he cried. "The fact of your having a mind to do so shows that the clergy of your country are still sadly lax in their duty, Sir. They should have taught you better."

"And this is Dr. Johnson, Sir," said Goldsmith in tones of triumph.

His relation sprang from his seat and advanced to the head of the table, bowing profoundly.

"Dr. Johnson," he cried, "I have long desired to meet you, Sir."

"I am your servant, Mr. Dean," said Johnson, towering above him as he got—somewhat awkwardly—upon his feet. "No gentleman of your cloth, Sir—leaving aside for the moment all consideration of the eminence in the Church to which you have attained—fails to obtain my respect."

"I am glad of that, Sir," said the Dean. "It shows that you, though a Nonconformist preacher, and, as I understand, abounding in zeal on behalf of the cause of which you are so able an advocate, are not disposed to relinquish the example of the great Wesley in his admiration for the Church."

"Sir," said Johnson, with great dignity, but with a scowl upon his face. "Sir, you are the victim of an error as gross as it is unaccountable. I am not a Nonconformist—on the contrary, I would give the rogues no quarter."

"Sir," said the clergyman, with the air of one administering a rebuke to a subordinate. "Sir, such intolerance is unworthy of an enlightened country and an age of some culture. But I ask your pardon; finding you in the company of distinguished gentlemen, I was led to believe that you were the great Dr. Johnson, the champion of the rights of conscience. I regret that I was mistaken."

"Sir!" cried Goldsmith, in great consternation—for

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"That gentleman is Mr. Burke, Sir," said Goldsmith.

He was rapidly recovering from his embarrassment, and spoke with something of an air of pride, as he made a gesture with his right hand towards Burke. The clergyman made precisely the same gesture with his left hand, crying—

"What, Mr. Edmund Burke, the friend of Liberty—the friend of the people?"

"The same, Sir," said Oliver. "He is, besides, the friend of Oliver Goldsmith."

"Then he is my friend also," said the clergyman. "Sir, to be in a position to shake you by the hand is the greatest privilege of my life."

"You do me great honour, Sir," said Burke.

Goldsmith was burning to draw the attention of his relative to Dr. Johnson, who on his side was looking anything but pleased at being so far neglected.

"Mr. Burke, you are our countryman—Oliver's and mine—and I know you are sound on the Royal Marriage Act. I should dearly like to have a talk with you on that iniquitous measure. You opposed it, Sir?"

"With all my power, Sir," said Burke.

"Give me your hand again, Sir. Mrs. Luttrell was an honour to her sex, and it is she who confers an honour upon the Duke of Cumberland, not the other way about. You are with me, Mr. Burke? Eh, what is the matter, cousin Noll? Why do you work with your arm that way?"

"There are other gentlemen in the room, Mr. Dean," said Oliver.

"They can wait," cried Mr. Dean. "They are certain to be inferior to Mr. Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds. If I should be wrong, they will not feel mortified at what I have said."

"This is Mr. Boswell, Sir," said Goldsmith.

"Mr. Boswell—of where, Sir?"

"Mr. Boswell, of—of Scotland, Sir."

"Scotland, the land where the clergymen write plays for the theatre. Your clergymen might be better employed, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Boswell, Sir."

"Mr. Boswell. Yes, I hope you will look into this matter should you ever visit your country again—a remote possibility, from all that I can hear of your countrymen."

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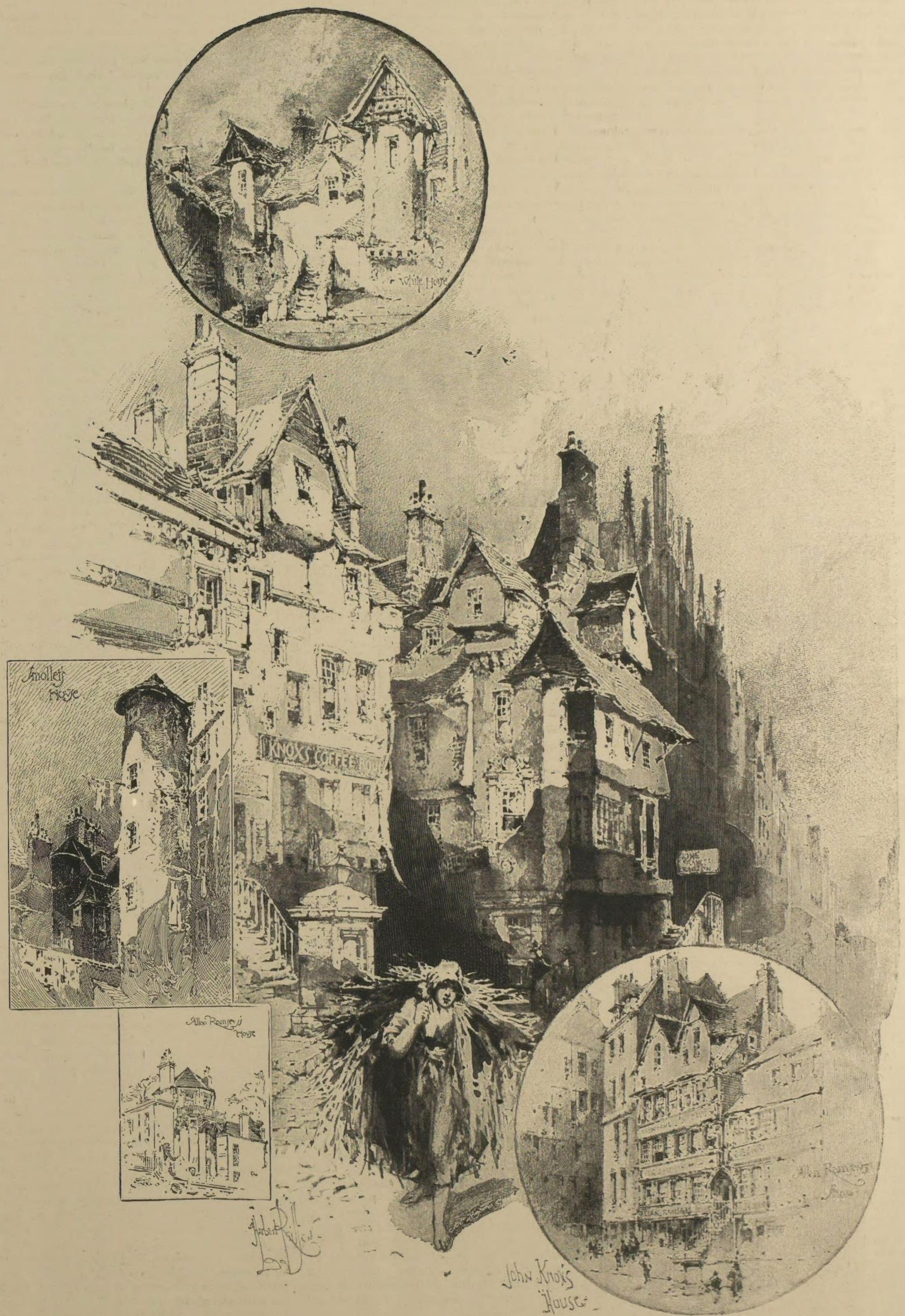
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SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS OF EDINBURGH.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.—BY J. F. WEEDON.

## ANOTHER PROPOSAL.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

I have received a surly growl from one of my readers to the effect that my last paper had nothing at all to do with "registering titles" in the ordinary acceptation of those words. I do not deny the soft impeachment. When I choose a heading to an essay or a name for a volume I rather pride myself upon that heading or name bearing a certain enigmatical character. Experience has taught me that if I want to attract a special class of readers I must startle them into attention by banging upon a kettle-drum. It is one of those rhetorical artifices which rarely fails in this age of much gabble and many gabbles. A man who gives his public any indication of what he is going to say beforehand is just as likely to lose as to find the audience he addresses himself to. Therefore I am not discouraged by my saturnine critic; he read my paper, and I am sure he will be the better for it. I am equally sure that he would not have read it at all if I had promised him an essay upon the significance of the word "Esquire." "Late qui splendeat! Late qui splendeat!" Do you understand that delicate allusion, friend? No? What a dull boy you must have been at school that you know so little about your Horace now!

Now I am engaged upon my second scheme, and call it *A Scheme for the Regulating Our Deeds of Gift*, and if you want to know what I mean by that you must read on; and I will not worry you with another Horatian quotation this time—though a very apposite one suggests itself—but proceed to business.

It is only too notorious a fact that in these British Islands enormous sums of money are given away annually in a disgracefully *casual* manner. In the expenditure of this money, I am told, on good authority, that the waste which goes on is frightful to contemplate. A few years ago the Charity Organisation Society set itself to deal with this evil, and there can be no doubt that the Society has done a great deal of good in its way; but the very existence of the Society is, if I may so say, based upon the initial assumption that the aggregate of money doles tossed about by well-to-do people in a devil-may-care fashion, and nimbly caught up by other people, adepts in the various forms of the confidence trick—is almost incalculable. Think of the cards that children present to you, insisting that you shall add your name. Think of the blackmail levied upon us all at fancy fairs and sales of work and garden-parties. Think of the Armenians and Cretans at one end of the scale and the "day-in-the-country" dodge at the other. Think of the refuges and the homes, and the asylums and the institutions, and the soldiers and the sailors and the reformed prisoners, and the lost dogs and the broken-down horses and the starving cats. Not to speak of those nobler and grander organisations to which all men and women with any hearts or consciences feel that they are bound to contribute of their substance lest our common humanity should cry shame upon them if they pass by on the other side. What an awful and bewildering list could be made out of them all! And yet, is it not true that all these "good objects," as it is the fashion to call them, are carried on, and are actually dependent upon, mere *chance giving*, and that millions and millions of pounds sterling are every year scrambled for—there's no other word for it—in the wildest way? Our steps are dogged by tumultuous bands of sturdy beggars who are ever on the watch to rob us of our hard-earned savings and of our peace of mind and body. What used to be the case in Naples a few years ago is the normal state of affairs with all of us nowadays. Who does not know the fierce and restless dunning of these cadgers, who will take no denial—the giggling beggars, the familiar beggars, the smirking beggars, the squirming beggars, the solemn beggars, the beggars with a call and the beggars with a list of names, the pleading beggars, and, worst of all, if there be a worst of all, the argumentative beggars?

"I only ask you for half-a-crown, my dear Sir." Man! if you talk of half-a-crown as though it were a coin that could be coupled with that cheapening epithet you little know my view of the case. Half-crowns with me are not as common as daisies upon a lawn. "My dear fellow! I'm only asking you for a sovereign!" My

Christian brother, if it were *the only sovereign* you and your tribe will contrive to wrench from me by your torturing pressure how gladly would I compound for the delight of getting rid of you by parting with that only sovereign, provided there were none to follow! What need to dwell upon this subject? Who of us is strange to the unspeakably irritating nuisance I can only touch upon?

Is there no way of lessening the evil—an evil which is growing upon us year by year, and steadily tending to sour us all, and to set us against the very practice of serious earnest and well considered almsgiving altogether by allowing us no liberty of action and no opportunity of reflection upon the comparative claims which this or that sad case may offer? While we hesitate the pack are upon us full cry, and the fiercest wolf gets the first taste of the prey.

away." The actual amount of money at our disposal varies almost infinitely, and no man can estimate the available balance which his neighbour has at his disposal for such objects as may help to lessen the sorrow or the suffering, or the ignorance or the vice, that all men are interested in minimising. The less any of us has to give away, the greater the need of making sure that we get something for our money. That surely is a sound principle which we are all acquainted with. X has an income, all told, of, say, £500 a year. Of course, his wife takes good care to save twopence in the pound on her tea. Assume that in one way or another he "gives away" (I use the old familiar term in its widest sense) £50 a year. Let him, above all things, beware how he throws away the pennies. The simplest way of protecting himself from this is not to give away a single penny to anyone under any consideration. Ah! my excellent Sir, you may smile, but there is something else coming. You may resolve never to give away a *single* penny, but that will not in the least prevent your giving away a shilling. And when it comes to giving away the shilling, and the number of the shillings you have to toss about is limited, you will think twice before you part with the silver coin, and the chances are you will not waste it.

On the other hand, Y's income counts by thousands—say £5000—a year, and he may presumably well spare £500 a year to "give away." That means that he will have "a call" every day of his life for a sovereign and something more. But he does not want to be worried every day to put his hand in his pocket. Let him determine never to give as little as a sovereign. Let his *minimum* subscription or gift be five pounds. Do you think that such a man will be as reckless in giving a "fiver" as he would be in giving a pound? He would surely take some pains in finding out how his money was going to be spent; he would insist on getting value received in some shape or other. Z, again, has a windfall, an unexpected legacy, an extraordinary good year, and he thinks he will show his thankfulness by "unloading" for the behoof of others. Let him say, "Here's a thousand pounds I will give away." Surely he will be the happier man for acting upon the resolve. But let him *not* fling about his spare cash till all the cadgers mark him as their own, and gather round him from all the winds of heaven as vultures do upon a dying camel. Let him say, "I will think about it, and take my time, without allowing myself to *lose* my time; but I will not fritter away my money, nor give any sum *less* than £100 to any one object, and I shall be pretty safe, then, of not throwing it away into the dust-heaps."

So it comes to this, my masters: that it will be well for us all to break ourselves up into, or rather, to unite ourselves in, certain leagues, or guilds, or brotherhoods, or associations, the members of which shall bind themselves solemnly to one another for a single year in the first instance *not to give less* than a certain amount in any single gift. The minimum gift shall be strictly limited; the maximum shall be left without prescribing. See how the thing works: There will be as many of these brotherhoods as you choose, for the minimum limit may vary to almost any extent. No. 1 Brotherhood will be the half-crown Brotherhood, every member binding himself to give, according to the Apostolic rule, "not grudgingly," etc., but promising never to give less than the initial half-crown. No. 5 will be the pound Brotherhood. No. 20 will associate the ten-pounders, and so on, till we come to the great men of the earth, who will bind themselves to give, but not to give less than, say, £1000 at a time.

Now, if anyone wants to know more about this great and glorious scheme, let him think about it first, and talk about it next, and let him try the experiment for a month with his friends. And then—well, the next step is really too obvious to require any suggestion from me.



A HOPELESS TASK.—BY JOHN SCOTT, R.I.

Exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

"Is there no one in all this earth who will help me?" Immediately she heard a soft voice say, "Be comforted, my child. I am come to help you." Then the old woman placed herself near the feathers. Ah, how they flew and sorted themselves under the touch of her magic wand, and very soon the task was finished, and they lay in three large heaps before her.

There may be many ways of dealing with this evil. I have a scheme of my own. Listen and ponder.

To begin with, however, let it be understood that I have a deep feeling of repugnance, amounting to horror, for those men and women who profess that they "can't see the good of giving away their money." I have not the patience to argue the point with the carrion crows of society who gloat over all they can pick up, and adore the very garbage that comes in their way. They have their reward. Let them pass. But with most of us we have a certain portion of our incomes and possessions that puts us on a level above others whose resources barely suffice for the maintenance of their families and for those misfortunes which may come upon any of us at any moment. In other words, we most of us have something that we can "give

On Sept. 27 the National Portrait Gallery was opened for the last time on a Sunday until the winter is over, and the trustees intend to close the National Gallery on Sundays for the same period. This action is solely on account of the shortness of winter afternoons, and is not due to any falling-off in the numbers of visitors. The Sunday Society has now requested the Trustees merely to curtail the hours instead of closing the galleries.

## THE WRECKS OFF FOLKESTONE.

Rarely have visitors or even residents at seaside resorts so exciting an experience as that to which Folkestone awoke on the morning of Sept. 25. Shortly after six a.m., when a gale which will be long remembered by all who felt or even saw its fury was at its height, the coastguardsman on duty saw a barque disabled and drifting ashore. She was presently dashed by the fury of the waves on to the beach in front of Marina Crescent, near the Victoria Pier. The vessel proved to be the *Agder*, from Fredrikstadt, bound for Southampton, and her unfortunate crew were plainly seen through the torrents of falling rain, huddled together in most pitiable plight. Intense excitement prevailed, and the plucky coastguardsmen were soon at work rescuing the shipwrecked men, which was no easy task in the heavy sea. The rocket apparatus was taken to the pier, and the Folkestone life-boat, which was launched with great difficulty, at last succeeded in reaching the vessel and taking off the mate and three men. The rest of the crew, with their commander, Captain Bergh, refused to leave the doomed ship, but later on they were brought ashore by means of a line.

Between seven and eight a.m. another Norwegian barque was seen in the same predicament, about two hundred yards away from the *Agder*. The second vessel

was the *Baron Holberg*, from Laurvig, bound for Dublin, and still greater difficulty and danger had to be faced before the rescue of her officers and crew was effected; but the English coastguardsmen, the Folkestone fishermen, and the crews of the life-boats from Dover and Hythe, which by this time had arrived, all worked

## AN ARCHIEPISCOPAL GARDEN-PARTY.

The beautiful grounds of Old Connaught House, Bray, were thronged by a distinguished company, lay and ecclesiastical, on the afternoon of Sept. 23, when Lord Plunket, the Archbishop of Dublin, gave a garden-party in honour of the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Irish capital. A bad morning fortunately merged into a bright autumnal afternoon, and for some two hours the scene was one of much brilliance and animation. A couple of spacious marques had been erected on the lawn in case of bad weather, but were only needed for the dispensing of afternoon tea. A tasteful programme of music was pleasantly discoursed by the brass band of the Boys' Brigade (3rd Dublin Company), and before the afternoon was over a charming interlude was afforded by the grouping, for a photograph, of the gaily clad boys of the band around the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Glasgow, in whose diocese the Brigade had its origin, and their host, the Archbishop of Dublin.

The family of

Plunket has long taken a very active interest in the welfare of the Boys' Brigade. We reproduce another and still more interesting photograph representing their Graces of Canterbury and Dublin together with a number of the Bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries who were present on the occasion.



THE WRECK OF THE "AGDER" AND THE "BARON HOLBERG" OFF FOLKESTONE.

Photo Jacob, Sandgate.

gallantly, and at last, amid the cheers of the thousands of spectators who had assembled on the beach and the overlooking "Leas," all were brought safely to shore. The Norwegian Vice-Consul, Mr. N. Schjott, has made all arrangements for the return of the crews to their own country.

Archdeacon of Kildare.      Bishop of Meath.      Bishop of Limerick.  
Bishop of Clogher.



Dean of Christ Church, Dublin.      Bishop of Kilmore.      Bishop of Ballarat.      Archbishop of Canterbury.      Archbishop of Dublin.      Bishop of Glasgow.      Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.      Dean of Kildare.

GROUP TAKEN AT THE GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, THE MOST REV. LORD PLUNKET, AT OLD CONNAUGHT HOUSE, BRAY.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—ARRIVAL OF THE GUN-BOATS AT KOSHEH FROM WADY HALFA: A NATIVE DEMONSTRATION OF WELCOME.  
*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seggins Wright.*

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have often wondered why, in the face of the vast store of inventive genius that is abroad, nobody has patented a draught-preventer for railway carriage windows. Of course some such appliance may actually be in existence—indeed, as I shall presently note, I myself have seen something of the kind in use; but no greater boon, in a small way, could be conferred upon the travelling public than the designing and the application of an apparatus which would allow free ventilation of a carriage minus the draughts which give us colds, eye inflammations, earaches, and other troubles that need no further specification. Many are the quarrels I have witnessed in railway carriages over that vexed question the closing or opening of a window. Herein may be found an excellent illustration of the depths to which pure, unadulterated selfishness may descend. One robust individual with a cast-iron constitution sits, facing the engine, by the window. Down goes the window, and as the train rushes along at its sixty or seventy miles an hour, his less robust neighbours on the same side are treated to a current of cold air that resembles a tornado in respect of its speed and impact. You complain, and ask that the window may be put up; and the robust person (masquerading as a gentleman) refuses. He has command of the window, because he is next to it, and because he faces the engine. He likes what he calls "fresh air," and pities you because you don't appear to relish sitting in a whirlwind; and so you have simply to suffer and to grin and bear it all as best you can.

The other day, travelling in a railway-carriage occupied by four persons, I witnessed as beautiful an illustration of the selfish instinct as ever I have seen. A lady sat with her back to the engine secure from draughts. Opposite to her sat her maid, a delicate young girl. I occupied the seat facing the engine on the side of the maid. The lady, regardless of the girl's constant shudders, and heedless of the pelting rain which at intervals dashed into the carriage, would insist on keeping the window down, and only, after my repeated protests, consented to have it nearly closed. The maid, one could see, was suffering acutely, but the mistress's regard for fresh air was



THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES: TYPES OF NATIVE ISLANDERS.

*From a Sketch supplied by a Correspondent.*

which, by the irony of fate, is destined to prolong existence in others. The latest statistics of medical longevity are of a more encouraging nature, but they apply to the kingdom of Saxony and not to these densely



THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES: THE HARBOUR AND DEFENCES OF MANILA.

*From a Sketch supplied by a Correspondent.*

paramount; and, surveyed from her own comfortable coign of vantage, everybody else was, of course, of no account.

A great deal of the friction one sees, hears, and experiences over this draught question would be avoided if, as I have suggested, a draught-preventer could be fitted to the windows. I remember long ago seeing the conductor of a Pullman car fit on the side of the window a slip of wood which projected about two or three inches beyond the window-frame. The slip was fixed on the side next the engine, so that when you sat by the open window the draught, intercepted by the projection, passed by the window completely. I have often wondered what has become of this old Pullman draught-preventer—an American invention I should say, because the cars, with all their fittings, came (and still come, I believe) from the Detroit shops. Why may we not have some such slip of wood permanently fixed to carriage-windows everywhere? I don't suppose there are any mechanical difficulties involved in this suggestion, and I fancy I am within bounds in supposing that it would effectively prevent, or at least limit, the direct draught which awaits anyone who faces the engine by the open window of a railway carriage, or who, indeed, occupies any seat on that side of the vehicle. Here is a chance for some enterprising inventor.

The question of the relative longevity of various classes of individuals has always formed a study of interest to vital statisticians. That the expectation of life varies greatly for different vocations, and depends largely on a man's work in the world, is an admitted fact. Clergymen and lawyers, I believe, head the list in respect of longevity. The cure of souls is associated with an easy mind, as a rule, and lawyers are generally regarded as being more likely to give trouble to other people than to incur trouble themselves. Medical men, on the other hand, run many risks of an early grave. Anybody who has ever seen anything of the life of a busy doctor, and especially the life of a doctor in a provincial town, can readily find reasons for the shortening of the medical life

populated islands of ours where the struggle for existence wages year by year more fiercely. In Saxony, it is stated, 80 per cent. of the doctors attain their sixtieth year, and 28 per cent. reach the age of seventy.

## THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

While the Cuban Revolt is still giving a good deal of trouble to the Spanish Government, a serious insurrection against Spanish rule has broken out in the eastern archipelago of Asia, formerly entitled San Lazaro or Spanish Indies, and now generally known as the Philippine Islands. On Sept. 19 news reached Madrid from Hong-Kong to the effect that the insurgents, then numbering some five thousand strong, were already masters of all the towns in the province of Cavite. Since then the rebellion has been rapidly spreading, in spite of the issue of a decree by the Governor-General confiscating the property of all insurgents. Bands of armed malcontents have attacked a number of important towns, and have pillaged convents, monasteries, and plantations with indiscriminate hostility. A number of monks have been massacred, and property generally is threatened by the marauding rebels, who doubtless have a right to make their grievances known to the Government, but whose savage outbreak has, so far, been distinguished by a very retrograde lawlessness. There have been several sharp encounters between the insurgents and the Spanish troops, no less than ten engagements having taken place around Manila, the chief town of the island of Luzon, and the capital of the whole archipelago. The occupation of Manila seems to have been the main object of the rebels, but in this they have not been successful. They intended to surprise the garrison, assassinate Governor-General Blanco, and dictate their own terms from the vantage-ground of the capital, but the plot was discovered, and many of the insurgents arrested. Troops numbering two thousand men have now left Barcelona for the Philippines, and it is thought that the trouble is not by any means over, as the insurgents are well armed and supplied. The population of the islands is a very mixed multitude. To the original negro pygmy race of early history the fifteenth century added a strong element of invading Polynesians, who, in turn, were reinforced by a Malay influx. At the present day there is also a strong contingent of Chinese settlers throughout the islands. The true Spanish population is a very small element. The cultivation of tobacco, coffee, rice, and cotton forms the chief industries of the archipelago, which has formally belonged to Spain since 1569.



THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES: THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO MANILA.

*From a Sketch supplied by a Correspondent.*

**ENGLISH NURSES AT THE RUSSIAN COURT.**  
While the eyes of the nation turn to the imperial visitors at Balmoral, it is worthy of note that the nurse in charge of the infant daughter of the Czar and Czarina is an Englishwoman. Miss Frances Coster is a native of Eastbourne, where her ancestors resided long before that now popular seaside resort had begun to grow, and when the only traces of habitation were a few houses clustered round the venerable parish church, with a small fishing village two miles away. In 1869 she entered the family of General de Plaoutine—a Russian nobleman who had married an English lady of good family—as nurse, and took up her residence in St. Petersburg, where she remained, except for short periods, until the arrangements were being made, early in the year, for the imperial coronation, when she was sent for by the Empress to take charge of the infant Grand Duchess Olga. She accompanied the royal party to Moscow during the festivities, and has now the honour of bearing her precious charge safely to the Highland home of her imperial great-grandmother. In figure she is rather tall and graceful, with a kindly disposition, a high sense of duty, while her experience with and great love for children render her peculiarly well fitted for the honourable post she now occupies.

Her sister, Miss E. I. Coster, who is a few years younger, had previously been selected for a similar position with the amiable sister of the Czar, the Grand Duchess Xenia. In July of last year she was hastily summoned to St. Petersburg to take charge of the infant daughter of the imperial Princess. Like her sister, she has resided for some years in St. Petersburg, and is thoroughly conversant with Russian customs and speaks the language fluently. Always pleasant, kind, and thoughtful, she is, if possible, more fond of young children than her sister. Unselfish to a degree, she threw over everything a few years ago to sooth the declining days of her widowed mother.

#### ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Gilbert Duprez, who died last week in his ninetieth year, was something more than an eminent tenor. "Are you satisfied with my son?" asked the elder Duprez, who had reluctantly consented to his Benjamin's career, of his eccentric professor, the well-known Choron. "Satisfied!" was the reply, "I am not at all satisfied! he is troublesome to a degree, and I shall be obliged to punish him." "That's right," remarked papa, brandishing his stick, "and if you like I'll do it for you." "What! would you beat him, the best pupil I've got, a lad who sings like an angel?" shrieked the composer of "La Sentinelle." "I am only

repeating your own words, Monsieur," objected the father, "and as for Gilbert singing like an angel—why, he has scarcely any voice at all!" "A voice, a voice!" growled Choron, "he doesn't want a voice. At a pinch he'll sing with his leg, and then he'll do better than others with their voices."

Choron, who had a heart of gold and the temper of a fiend, was right. At the outset of his career, young Duprez had little or no voice; his lower notes were hazy;

seven years by himself without flinching—nay, without the least necessity to flinch: his voice showed not the slightest trace of wear and tear—nevertheless, Dr. Duponchel, the successor of the celebrated Dr. Véron, was a prey to the greatest anxiety. A sudden cold, an accident happening to Nourrit, might deprive him of the services of his great singer, and there was absolutely no one to replace him.

Under these circumstances he hailed with joy the news that Armand Bertin, of the *Débats*, had discovered the wished-for tenor he had been so long in quest of to relieve Nourrit now and then. Nourrit himself seemed equally glad. The two great artists met, shook hands, and swore eternal friendship. Towards the end of March 1837 he was to sing Masaniello in a revival of "La Muette de Portici," and, as usual, repaired to his dressing-room long before the appointed time. Duponchel, who was in the habit of having a few minutes' chat with him, noticed that his voice was in excellent condition, and left him to get his dinner. Scarcely had he sat down when Halévy, the composer of "La Juive," came to tell him that Nourrit had caught a sudden chill, that he was ill and hoarse. That evening Wartel replaced Nourrit, and three days later Halévy told Duponchel that Nourrit was as mad as a March hare.

Halévy had told the truth. Nourrit had simply gone out of his mind through sheer fright at having to sing before L'uprez, who was in the house for the first time since his engagement. He himself would have been ignorant of his rival's presence but for the good-natured indiscretion of his valet, who afterwards became one of the famous Pierrots in Paris, and who recommended him to sing his best. Three days later, Nourrit begged Duponchel to cancel his engagement. Sitting in the chair which was the first Napoleon's when he came to the Opéra, Nourrit confessed his fears. "When Duprez was at a distance," he said, "I considered the Opéra sufficiently big for myself and for him; since he has returned from Italy to fulfil his engagement, I consider it too small."

Nourrit took his leave of the Paris public on April 4, 1837; on the 17th Duprez made his débüt as Arnold in "Guillaume Tell," and for the next ten years held thousands of listeners spellbound. But even greatness has its drawbacks. In those days the concierge of the Opéra was Madame Crosnier, "Mama Crosnier" as she was called by her favourites, or simply "Crosnier" by those whom she liked best, such as Rosina Stoltz and Nourrit himself. One day Duprez, in the intoxication of his success, ventured to salute her as "La Mère Crosnier." She merely looked at him, but never returned his greeting, nor did she ever speak to him afterwards; and when Nourrit died at Naples she called Duprez "his murderer."



ENGLISH NURSES AT THE RUSSIAN COURT.

he had only that wonderful chest-note which afterwards took the world by storm. But by dint of intelligent study and indomitable perseverance he overcame all difficulties, and reached the pinnacle of his profession, from which he retired while in the plenitude of his powers. This is why I called him something more than an eminent tenor; he had the good sense not to lag superfluous on the stage that had witnessed his triumphs. This step alone would stamp Duprez as a phenomenally intelligent man among tenors, for—let there be no mistake about it—few singers have the courage to efface themselves in the heyday of their success.

In this respect the story of Adolphe Nourrit, the immediate predecessor of Duprez, is worth telling, if only for the guidance of others. Adolphe Nourrit was unquestionably one of the most magnificently endowed operatic artists not only of his own time but of all times. He had borne the burden of the grand repertory of the Paris Opéra for six or



OUR IMPERIAL GUESTS: DEPARTURE OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA FROM BALLATER STATION FOR BALMORAL.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.



OUR IMPERIAL GUESTS: ARRIVAL OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA AT BALMORAL, ESCORTED BY HIGHLANDERS BEARING TORCHES.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forster.*

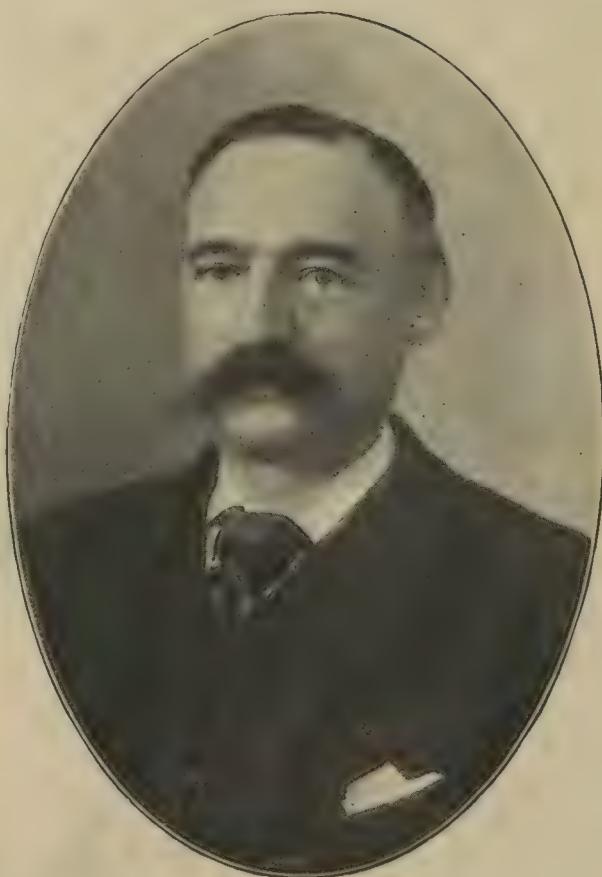
## THE TURKISH CRISIS



MR. W. THOMPSON;  
BRITISH HARBOUR MASTER AND INSPECTOR OF POLICE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



VEHBI PASHA,  
AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE SULTAN, BY WHOM HE HAS BEEN SENT TO  
ASSIST THE GOVERNOR OF PERA IN PRESERVING ORDER.



MR. W. H. WRENCH,  
BRITISH CONSUL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Chevalier Pansa (Italy).

M. de Nelidoff (Russia).



M. Cambon (France).

Baron Calice (Austria).

Baron Saurma-Jeltsch (Germany).

Sir Philip Currie (Great Britain).

A MEETING OF THE AMBASSADORS OF THE POWERS AT THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY, CONSTANTINOPLE.

## LITERATURE.

## "ANTHONY HOPE'S" NEW BOOK.

Novelists might well take to heart the lesson suggested by the etymology of almost all the words that signify enjoyment—amusement, diversion, distraction, ecstasy, transport, etc.—where the root idea is the forgetting, or getting out of, yourself. What escape from oneself is provided by the hard and sordid realism, the decadent pessimism, of the vast majority of modern novels? If you take day-dreams *et hoc genus omne* out of the minds of men, says Bacon, you leave them poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves; and he quotes as from Augustine a description of poetry and romance as "Vinum Daemonum," which, though quite worthy of him, is not to be found in the works of that Father. Nevertheless, a little of this wine of romance to make glad the heart of man, and show him all things for the moment *couleur de rose*, is as wholesome as it is exhilarating to the mind. This accounts to some extent for the extraordinary popularity of Mr. Anthony Hope's romances, which take us out of ourselves and out of our set-grey surroundings, and transport us to Utopia. His last, *The Heart of the Princess Osra* (Longmans, Green, and Co.), is perhaps the most Utopian, and also, perhaps, the most quaint, fantastical, and delightful of all. The Princess Osra seems to belong properly to the East, to "the land where the cypress and myrtle are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime," and to the land also where the King's daughter is so beautiful that all who see her love her, and all who love her have to stake their lives upon the success of their suit. Mr. Hope has even succeeded in making us believe—what is a thousand times more incredible in the cynical world of to-day than it was to Rosalind in Arden—that men and women have died for love. In truth, the story is a mere procession of victims filing past the Princess, as the gladiators passed Caesar—"Ave Cesar! Morituri te salutamus!"—and the chief fault to be found with it is the rather Duessa-like insensibility of the Princess to the number and the fate of those who had loved her not wisely but too well. When the man whom she made happy with her hand at last charged her with having loved his predecessors in different ways, she replies: "Maybe one heart can have loved in different ways." But then she suddenly looked up at him with a different mischievous sparkle in her eyes. "No, no, it was not love. It was the courtiers entertained me till the King came." It must be admitted, however, that her bearing at the time towards each of these suitors was perfect; while the sum of her varied experience—"that different men love differently"—is admirably illustrated by the character and conduct of each successive suitor, from those of Stephen the smith to those of the Miller of Hofbau—from the sublime to the ridiculous.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

Mrs. Field, in *Denis* (Macmillan and Co.), has made an honest but ineffective attempt to paint an adequate picture of Ireland in the year of the great famine. The tragedy is too big for her powers; and yet, as though it were not big enough, she introduces other troubles of all kinds, and all of the dreariest kind, till at the close of the story every lover that is not killed off is left heart-broken. Nor is the inevitable Irish humour, introduced to lighten the sombreness of the novel, of an exhilarating kind. We, at least, could not see the humour of a placard over the family vault of the Squire bearing in large white letters the inscription: "None but lead coffins admitted"; nor even that of Denis's retort to the Squire's denunciation of white lies: "The streak of colour in this one would be no broader than the black under your honour's nail." "Under your nail, perhaps," replied the master with great wrath; and Denis looked pained, as well he might when so delicate a point of humour was missed. The chief interest in the tale turns upon the seduction of Denis's sweetheart by the master; but Denis's condonation of the outrage in consideration of a bribe of a hundred pounds is incredible, even though he was thus adjured to the infamy by his parish priest: "Go back now, Denis; in the name of God and of all the saints, go back and take that money! Bring it to me here, for not one hour will I delay before I set the wheels of Holy Church in motion to bring blessings on you, Denis, and the help you so sorely need." And his Reverence pockets the one hundred pounds for prayers and masses for the girl's soul and Denis's and his mother's! Mrs. Field's hand is too heavy throughout.

It was hard to think that Mr. Herbert Morrah meant seriously his *Serious Comedy* (Methuen and Co.), and we read on to the end in the hope of finding some faint consciousness on his part of the real characters of the bevy of swindlers he holds up to our admiration. A vulgar old adventuress, who alludes to the husband she has inveigled into marriage as "hardly earned money," after a couple of days' *table d'hôte* acquaintance with the heroine, induces her to leave her mother that they may seek their fortunes together in London. In London they proceed on the principle of Robert Macaire in one of M. Philipon's caricatures—"Mon ami, le temps de la commandite va passer, mais les baduuds ne passeront pas. Occupons-nous de ce qui est éternel. Si nous fassions une religion?"

They start a charity, and live royally on the subscriptions until each nets a lord. Yet we are again and again assured of the heroine's "terrible, uncompromising virtue and honesty." Why, she does not even disclose to the hero the existence of her mother until after her marriage. As for the hero, he lies unhesitatingly, and behaves like a cur and cad to a Gaiety girl he had proposed to. The first issue of their marriage is an idiot girl, whose hopeless existence converts her mother—who proceeds, through the Press, to convert the world—to the Spartan principle of the painless extinction of such incumbrances! Altogether, "A Serious Comedy" is an astonishing production, and all the more astonishing because of its occasional cleverness.

Besides its intended *auri sacra fames* moral, Miss Annie Linden's *Gold* (John Lane) unconsciously reveals a woman's weakness for the worthless which Hood expresses—

The more the fish the worse the catch,  
The more the eggs the worse the hatch,  
The more the sparks the worse the match,  
Is a fact in woman's history.

For of all the heroine's numberless suitors, with the exception of her uncle (whom Dutch law allowed to compete for her hand) and the hypnotising Ternuller, the least deserving was the selfish and avaricious hero. This young gentleman, though already immensely rich, leaves her to struggle on miserably as a governess in a ruffianly household, in order to seek a mysterious treasure in the land of



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

## WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XIV.—"ANTHONY HOPE."

The author of "The Heart of the Princess Osra," a review of which appears on this page, is known in real life as Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, being a son of the Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and a cousin of Sir Henry Hawkins. Born in 1863, he was educated at Marlborough, and subsequently at Oxford, where he was a scholar of Balliol College. He was called to the Bar nine years ago, and published his first novel, "A Man of Mark," in 1890. Since then the pleasant vivacity and shrewd characterisation which distinguish his "Mr. Witt's Widow," "The Dolly Dialogues," "The God in the Car," and other stories of modern life, and the fine romantic flavour of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Indiscretion of the Duchess," and "The Chronicles of Count Antonio," have won him a prominent place among contemporary writers of fiction. A dramatic version of "The Prisoner of Zenda" has also achieved a notable success. At the General Election of 1892, Mr. Hawkins unsuccessfully contested South Bucks in the Liberal interest.

"Ghosts and Gold," Moa. "Know then," proclaimed the Oracle, "that when a lump of gold is found as big as a horse, that Moa will fall." The author, however, fearing probably a mad European rush for this lump, appends the following cautionary note—"Horses in Moa are very scarce, and not bigger than ponies." After this weighty warning she must be held blameless if the lump of gold when found turns out to be no bigger than a pony. Fortune, being herself a woman, favours the worthless hero, while sacrificing to his insane avarice the devoted Henk, the chivalrous Serge, and Oentilh, a Moan Pocahontas. The hero does not, indeed, discover a lump of gold so many hands high, but he escapes with his life, and is made happy with the hand of the heroine, while all those who showed the same devotion to him as he showed in the quest of his Holy Graal—the lump of gold—perish miserably in that dismal Moan swamp.

M. Gustave Le Bon's profoundly suggestive study of the popular mind, *The Crowd* (T. Fisher Unwin), ought to have for us an analogous interest to that which a study of the character of his Majesty the Czar would have for Russians. As no one will question M. Le Bon's assumption that a crowd, organised or unorganised, is the newly

crowned and acclaimed Czar of the Western world, a book on the characteristics of the future disposer of our destinies is as opportune as it is interesting. For M. Le Bon conclusively demonstrates the identity of the mob characteristics of a parliament or of a jury with those of a rabble, since in each case the subject is hypnotically influenced. "The most careful observations seem to prove that an individual immersed for some length of time in a crowd in action soon finds himself—either in consequence of the magnetic influence given out by the crowd, or from some other cause of which we are ignorant—in a special state, which much resembles the state of fascination in which the hypnotised individual finds himself in the hands of the hypnotiser. The activity of the brain being paralysed in the case of the hypnotised subject, the latter becomes the slave of all the unconscious activities of his spinal cord, which the hypnotiser directs at will. The conscious personality has entirely vanished; will and discernment are lost. All feelings and thoughts are bent in the direction determined by the hypnotiser." These characteristics which millenniums of savagery have made instinctive in the race submerge mere surface acquisitions and distinctions to such a degree that, according to M. Le Bon, a savant, a sage, or a genius is equally emotional, irreflective, irresponsible, and childish in a crowd as the rough or the rustic. But, though the individuals of any crowd are indistinguishably irrational and impulsive, the crowd itself has its distinctive impulses according to the race to which it belongs. "A crowd composed of individuals assembled at haphazard, but all of them Englishmen or Chinamen, will differ widely from another crowd also composed of individuals of any and every description, but of other races—Russians, Frenchmen, or Spaniards, for example." No doubt M. Le Bon's conclusions when thus baldly put may seem somewhat wild and sweeping, but no one who reads all he has to say in their support and in their illustration in this fascinating book, can dismiss them as untenable.

*An Unconventional Girl.* By L. Rossi. (Lawrence and Bullen.)—This book reads like the immature work of a clever young woman. The youth in it is its best sign, and its crudities march with its qualities. Miss Rossi's heroine is an original and interesting but hardly pleasing type of girl. She must have been hard to get on with, and that rather by reason of her own defects than the faults of other people. Her acquaintance with French novels, though perhaps true to life, is hardly to be commended. This time Miss Rossi has fallen between two stools. Her novel is too crude for grown-up people, and too daring for youth. Yet there is an ardour of imagination about Linda, if she be not indeed autobiographical, which makes one feel that with experience Miss Rossi will make us realise her characters, with their pains and joys. The extracts from Linda's "Meditations in Manuscript" give the book an amateurish air. Still there is enough of promise in Miss Rossi's "Unconventional Girl" to make us anticipate good work from her in future.

*George's Mother.* By Stephen Crane. (Edward Arnold.)—Does this book belong to the epoch of "Maggie," or to that of "The Red Badge of Courage"? This, too, is realism, but realism of a cruder, less impressive sort than is to be found in Mr. Crane's story of soldiering. Nevertheless, it is a rapid and convincing sketch of a very commonplace "Rake's Progress"—the descent of a young New York working man, by means of friendly clubs and saloon-haunting, from dignity, self-respect, and the estate of a dutiful son to becoming a "tough," and breaking the heart of his old mother. Mr. Crane's vein of bitter irony is to be seen in the maudlin friendship of the bar-loafers, but in the picture of the little brown old mother there is heart also. Unaided the book would not make Mr. Crane a reputation, except as the writer of a more than commonly able temperance tract, but it will take nothing from the reputation he has established for himself by his much greater book.

Mr. Bourdillon's Introduction to his original spirit-story, *Nephele* (George Redway), reminds us of the following delightful witticism of Heine: "I sometimes imagine that the devil, the nobility, and the Jesuits exist only so long as they are believed in. As for the devil, it is certainly the case, for only believers have seen him." But this, asserts Mr. Bourdillon, is due "to the simple and unalterable fact, to the law of nature as constant as any sequence discovered by the scientists, that as soon as men cease to believe in a thing it ceases—not to be, but to reveal itself to them." Hence the present scarcity of ghosts. But a spirit which expresses itself only through music and drawing, and only during the lifetime of the body it tenants, must always, we fancy, have been scarce. Nephele is so unorthodox as never once "to revisit the glimpses of the moon" after her death; but during her brief life she unconsciously inspires a young Oxford student who had never seen her to draw her face and to play mystic music expressive of their mutual but unearthly love. Her earthly love she had given to this student's dearest friend, who is disturbed by the mysterious musical affinity between his affianced bride and his fellow-student—not without reason, since Nephele dies of the excitement of playing the mystic tune. It is a strange conception, which, however, is so weirdly worked out as to hold our interest. May we venture to hint that even an Oxford student is incapable of such syntax as "which he don't generally do."



SPORTING SUBJECTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN: NO. III.—A DRIVE.



IN MID-ATLANTIC.—BY C. T. DAVIDSON.

## THE LADIES' PAGE.

### DRESS.

Hurrah! and once again hurrah! I have reached my native shores, I am in the thick of the fray of fashion, I need no longer sit "up in the north" and wonder as to the modes that will be—I know! I have come, I have been conquered by the latest fashions as I met with them, dallied with them. I believe I was for five hours in the large show-rooms of the Maison Jay, where pretty girls



AN AUTUMN FROCK.

did walk up and down for my special edification in most pretty frocks. Let me share my joy with the world at large, and tell all about it. Let me, for instance, chronicle a black velvet gown with a skirt fastening over one side with cut steel buttons, the pouched bodice showing a collar of black and white striped velvet edged with cream-coloured lace bordered with little quillings of turquoise velvet ribbons. The waistband at the back of this is fastened with a cut steel buckle in most fascinating fashion, and the whole dress is worthy of being taken to a wedding at once; when, crowned with a large velvet hat of many black feathers, it might, who knows! arrive at the dignity of being described in an illustrated newspaper—but hush, I grow irreverent! A charming autumn costume at Jay's is made of very dark grey material invisibly checked, with the bodice set entirely in pleats, the front showing one revers of pale blue, spangled and jewelled, and the other side fastening over with a straight fold of blue and white checked batiste. China buttons put the finishing touch to this, which is a most original frock. And talking of originality reminds me of an evening dress of cerise chiffon here, with a skirt boasting a full-gathered flounce edged with sable. A white cloth gown, which, by the way, might accompany that black velvet dress to a wedding, is hemmed with ermine, and shows a bodice cut in one, with long epaulettes embroidered in crewel work in white wool traced with silver.

An ideal shirt—and which of us does not require such a luxury?—Jay's have just made of cerise crêpe de Chine, set into tucks from neck to hem, from shoulder to wrist; this pouches slightly over a very deep belt of white satin, is finished at the throat with a shirt collar of the crêpe de Chine, beneath which is tied a large bow of black and white striped ribbon. This is just the sort of shirt to wear under a fur coat or under a cloth coat, and undoubtedly it was made to be worn somewhere, and at once. The same model looks just as well in peach colour as it does in cerise—it is altogether most desirable. A light grey vicuna gown may be written down as desirable too: it has lovely embroidery of silver and gold, and a quaintly cut bodice, which displays an under-bodice of real lace at the bust and at the waist. And then there is that dress illustrated, made of navy blue face cloth, the coat braided in fanciful silk braids, with the fronts faced with cherry-coloured silk with a narrow border of white satin. From the neck falls a tulle-and-lace cravat, and a white belt encircles the waist.

Having detailed the most luxurious of styles, I propose, with a sudden jump, to wander to the most utilitarian, to dilate sympathetically upon the newest bed-room dressing-gowns, which are made of a stuff known as Pyrenees wool, resembling our old friend peau de mouton. This is to be found in various combinations of colours, powder blue and

white, and light grey and heliotrope being, perhaps, the most successful; and these dressing-gowns may be met in every shape, from the north to the south of the Metropolis, trimmed with woollen braids and girdles. They must not be confounded with the breakfast-gown; they are merely fit for bed-room wear, and capital at that. Short dressing-jackets of the same fabric are also cheap to-day, but these are not quite decorative enough to excite my admiration. When we put on our dressing-jackets it is invariably to do our hair when we stand in front of our glass, and under such circumstances I think a duty we owe to our self-respect is to dress becomingly. We should, for instance, wear a pale pink silk dressing-jacket lined with nun's veiling, trimmed with elaborate frillings and laces. No, the new Pyrenees wool is only fit to visit the bath-room, excepting, of course, for those among us who are, unfortunately, forced to study economy, and to these I cannot sincerely recommend the pink satin dressing-jacket.

The tea-gown flourishes again in spite of the abuse it suffered from its admirers, and a most delightful gown is one now being worn at the Vaudeville by Miss Ward. This is of pale blue, accordion pleated, with loose side pieces hanging from a lace yoke, a ribbon being passed round the waist over which the front pouches slightly, the sleeves showing lace up the inner portion of the arm and puffs of accordion pleating at the top. These loose side pieces are so becoming and give grace to the waist. Miss Ward is evidently mistress of the art of clothes; I do not remember ever having seen her before, but her frocks earned my sincere respect at a glance. One she wore was of fine linen, with a bodice showing diagonally run tucks and little frills of white lace with a front of white chiffon; it was delightful, and her black evening dress glittering with silver had charms. I shall make a point of taking a special journey to interview her frocks whenever she plays in a new piece.

But in the meantime I must describe that cloak illustrated, which is made of black velvet with an appliquéd design of green velvet traced with gold and silver thread; the high sable collar, falling in points over the shoulders, is tied round the neck with a lace scarf—an addition, this, which may be noted on many of the best of the winter models.

But I am forgetting to tell you anything about millinery—an absurd sin on my part when I really know so much. I know, for instance, that velvet of many colours is to be used on all the best hats, excepting those which are entirely made of chiffon—a curious notion this latter for the winter, but one which obtains. Light coloured felt hats are trimmed with very full scarves of chiffon, upon which are perched white birds, and black felt hats are trimmed with chiffon, which, together with cream-coloured lace, is gathered up at one side to make a resting place for fearsome fowls, who, like the jay of history, have borrowed the plumage of their fellow-birds, which ill becomes them. I cannot imagine why a savage-looking cock should be invested by order of Queen Fashion with the incongruous decoration of paradise plumes. Report left

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

Even when women have the franchise, it appears they cannot arrange matters all their own way, for a Bill that has passed second reading in the New Zealand Legislative Assembly can never have gained the approval of the lady electors; and, in fact, the leader of the women interested in public affairs in the colony—Lady Stout—has come forward to criticise the Bill very severely. It proposes to give the domestic servants of the colony an entire half-holiday once a week, all at one time, on a fixed day, and provides that any mistress allowing a servant to pursue any part of her duties during the hours from one to ten, shall be liable to a penalty of £5. Wet or fine, ill or well, the servant must be turned out, and the mistress must get the tea and cook the dinner herself, or the family must go without; sickness, unexpected company in the house, the urgent private affairs of the mistress requiring her to leave the house and the babies on that day—nothing counts, the servant must not be permitted to do her ordinary work, even if she be willing. It is a travesty of our Factory and Workshop Acts.

Not far short of this proposal, however, was one accepted at the recent Trades Union Congress, when it was resolved unanimously that law ought to fix the hours during which a domestic servant may be at work at seventy a week. Now we all know that, in an ordinarily good place, the *hard* work of the house does not take a servant anything like ten hours a day; but we also know that in domestic life there is an inevitable liability to be "on duty" at intervals during nearly all the waking hours of the day; and a woman choosing domestic labour, whether as a poor man's wife or a servant, has to reckon on occasional work during long hours. The working men should begin by trying the experiment of a ten hours' day for domestic work in their own homes; let them "prohibit the over-work" of their own wives first. She who gets "father's" breakfast, washes and dresses the children, and so on, beginning at six o'clock in the morning, must not do any work in the house after four in the afternoon! Who will undress the youngsters and put them to bed, and get the "master's" supper, and clear away after him, and who will attend to the baby last thing, and who get up when it cries in the night? Ah, that is just the question!

What is to become of the unhappy Armenian women, deprived in thousands not only of their bread-winners, like other widows, but also of that accustomed state of society and friendly surroundings that temper destitution to the widow in ordinary circumstances? It would be

easy to find employment as domestic servants in the United States for some thousands of them, and it is probable that the hand of charity would be most beneficially employed in emigrating there the miserable remnant of the inhabitants of the desolated Armenian villages. The difference of language would be as nothing. The unlucky American housewife has to grapple with that difficulty all the time. American girls will not go out to service, and though there are some Irish women-servants, a very large proportion of the available girls are foreigners, chiefly Swedes, who arrive as absolutely ignorant of the native tongue as the Armenian girls could be, and have to be taught the names of all common things as well as the customs of the homes into which they are taken.

It would seem, then, as if a specially appropriate and readily available way of providing for these unfortunate victims would be to help them to emigrate to America. But with extraordinary selfishness the inhabitants of the United States have made a law that no "destitute alien" shall come to that vast and much underpopulated land. I heard the other day from a lady who had taken charge of an emigrant girl, and who therefore went down to "Castle Garden," the place where the steerage passengers are required to give an account of themselves, a pathetic tale of an Irish father whom she saw vainly trying to get a son who had just landed admitted to the new country. The father was a self-supporting labourer, and was willing to look after his own son; but the lad was a little "wake-minded"—not quite fully in possession of his wits. My informant had but little doubt that he was able to earn his living in some way, but the officials were deaf to all the prayers of the unhappy father, and were going to send the lad away from him and back to Ireland, under the "Destitute Alien Act." The Armenian girls, too, it seems, would come as "destitute aliens," and it is doubtful if they will be admitted. Miss Willard, who is the head of a large organisation of temperance women there, is trying to overcome the difficulty by appealing to members of her band to themselves promise, and to beg others whom they know to undertake, to provide homes and keep the Armenian refugees till they get work. It seems particularly cruel that the American residents of the present moment should arrogate to themselves the right to keep out of that great unfilled tract of the world's surface any fresh labourers other than the élite of that class. The result in the present case seems to be that the Armenian refugees will come to England, already overcrowded, while America will content itself with sympathetic talk and abuse of England for not doing more for the Eastern Christians.

As far as numbers go, at any rate, the German women had a great congress last week. All the tickets of admission to the meetings have been charged a price for, and over a thousand have been actually purchased. It appears that the harsh provisions of the new German Code are, so far, working for good by awakening interest in the laws about women. The Code, though passed by the Reichstag in the summer, does not come into operation till 1900, and many German women hope still to get some modification of such of its provisions as those forbidding a married woman to make any business contract or own any property independent of her husband, and leaving the whole burden of the maintenance of an illegitimate child to the mother. But, however behind us they are in regard to laws, education of the University type, and social importance generally, the German women are in advance of us in industrial



A BLACK VELVET CLOAK.

organisation, for they have, in certain institutions fostered by the Empress Frederick, provisions of a more complete kind than anything here for training in all sorts of technical ways, including the science and art of housewifery. On all these topics the Congress dwelt.

"Ronuk" is the name of a new sanitary polish and cleanser. It is in the form of a paste (sold in tins), with a wholesome and agreeable odour of turpentine, which evaporates soon after use. It is very suitable for polished or parquet floors, as well as for furniture. Oilcloth and linoleum can be made to bear a charming gloss by rubbing with a little "Ronuk" upon a cloth. It is in every way preferable to fluid polishes.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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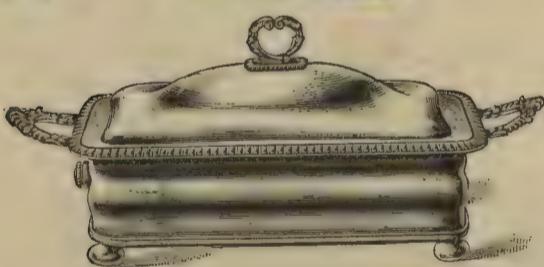
H.M. the King of Siam.

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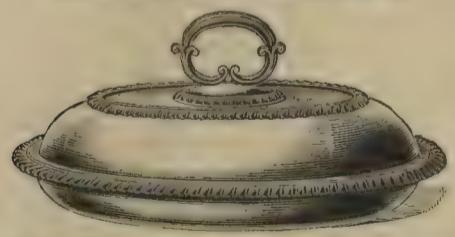
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## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.  
J D R (Macclesfield). The game was, we thought, quite up to first-class standard.

R SWAINSON (Fulham).—The problem to which you refer is No. 2731.  
F WALLER.—The problem is very fair, but have you considered the effect of 1. Q to R 3rd, followed by 2. Q takes P?

H T BAILEY.—There is a dual continuation in your problem, thus: After Black plays 1. R takes Kt, 2. R to Q 7th or B to Q 5th (dis ch), etc.

F DIXON (Peterborough).—There is no mistake. If you will look again, you will see your proposed move is impossible.

W POPE.—Write to David Nutt, Strand, who will give you the desired information.

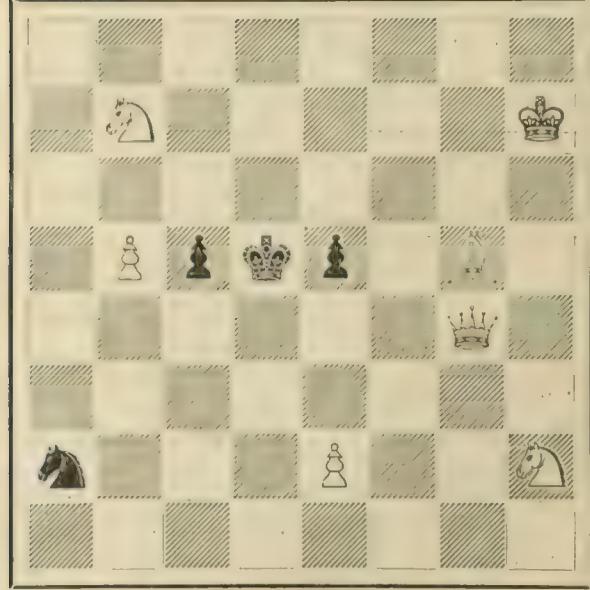
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2730 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2735 from A J Murton (Merthyr) and Iev Armand de Rosset Meares (Baltimore); of No. 2737 from G T Hughes, B M Smith, C A Hill (Liverpool), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Dr F St, F E W Adams (Devizes), J Lake Ralph (Turley), John M'Robert (Crossgar), J Hayward (Chester), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J D Tucker (Leeds), Gertrude Timothy, H d' O Bernard, and H S Brandreth.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2738 received from E G Boys, F Anderson, Dr F St, J D Tucker (Leeds), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Alpha, G T Hughes, F James (Wolverhampton), J S Wesley (Exeter), F J Candy, C W Smith (Stroud), H D' O Bernard, R Worts (Canterbury), H S Brandreth (Austria), T Roberts, C E Perugini, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), M Rieloff, W H Williamson (Belfast), W R Railton, W d' A Barnard (Uppingham), F N Braund (Farnham), Frank Proctor, F Waller (Luton), T Chown, Shadforth, E P Vulliamy, G J Veal, Sorrento, G Bennett (Doncaster), I Penfold, R H Brooks, Bluet, T L Gilliespie, Tanderagee, H Le Jeune, and J Bailey (Newark).

## PROBLEM NO. 2740.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2737.—By A. F. MACKENZIE.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. P to K B 3rd Any move  
2. Mates accordingly

## CHESS IN CLIFTON.

Game played in the Amateur Tournament between Messrs. W. H. GUNSTON and C. J. LAMBERT.

## (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. G.) BLACK (Mr. L.)  
1. P to K 4th P to Q B 3rd  
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th  
3. P takes P P takes P  
4. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
5. P to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
6. B to Q 3rd P to K T 3rd

Not strong, but always leading to interesting play.

7. Castles B to Kt 2nd  
8. R to K sq Castles  
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd Kt to K sq  
Kt to Q 2nd has points worthy of attention.

10. Kt to B sq Q to Q 3rd  
11. Q to K 2nd P to B 3rd  
12. Kt to K 3rd K to R sq  
White threatened Kt takes Q P.

13. B to B 2nd P to K 4th

## (Scotch Game.)

WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. B.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. P to Q 4th P takes P  
4. B to Q B 4th B to B 4th  
5. P to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd  
6. P to K 5th P to Q 4th  
7. B to Q Kt 5th Kt to K 5th

The variation to this point may well be commended to the attention of the student. It appears to give a fairly even game.

8. Kt takes P Castles  
9. B takes Kt P takes B  
10. Castles P to B 3rd

A good and strong move. White (obviously gains nothing by replying with Kt takes P).

11. P takes P Q takes P  
12. P to B 3rd B to R 3rd

Also very excellent play. Black now has a well-developed game, quite in

## (Scotch Game.)

WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. B.) contrast with that of White, and he proceeds in fine style.

13. R to K sq Q R to K sq

14. B to K 3rd B to Q 3rd

15. Kt to Q 2nd Q to R 5th

16. P to K B 4th B takes P

17. R takes B Q to B 7th (ch)

18. K to R sq Q takes B

19. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt

20. Q to Kt 3rd (ch) R to B 2nd

K to B 2nd seems the obvious and natural move. The game is a curious illustration of how a won position may be thrown away. In the present instance the culminating error is, of course, move 26.

21. Q R to Q sq P to K 6th  
22. P to K R 3rd P to Q B 4th

23. Q to R 4th R to Kt sq

24. Q takes B P takes Kt

25. P takes P Q to K 5th

26. Q to K 2nd R to B 7th

27. Q takes R Resigns.

We learn with much regret the death of Mr. E. Freeborough, of Hull, the celebrated composer and analyst. His contributions to the game, in one form and another, were very numerous, and were always characterised by the most painstaking efforts after accuracy and careful attention to details. "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern" was the work with which his name was chiefly associated, to which may be added "Chess Endings," his most recent publication.

No less than sixty-one applications for the anxious post of chief officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade have now been made to the Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council, but it is not expected that the successor of Captain Sexton Simonds will enter upon his duties before the New Year. One of the first of those duties will probably be the presentation to the Council of a petition for improved terms of service which has lately been promoted by the men of the Brigade. This petition is being drawn up by delegates, after much conference and deliberation.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 28, 1895) of Mr. William Campbell, a member of the Legislative Council of Victoria, of 19, Portman Square, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Sept. 15 by Finlay Campbell and Allan Campbell, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate in England being £421,617. The testator gives annuities of £3000 to his daughter, Lady Jean Wilson; £500 to his sister, Mrs. Mitchell; £150 to his sister-in-law; £50 to Mrs. Jane Wauchope; and £25 to the widow of his deceased brother Finlay Campbell. He further bequeaths £900 to William Campbell, son of his brother George Campbell; £400 each to Emily, the daughter of his brother George, and to his niece Jessie Morrison; £800 each to his nephews John McGregor and Finlay Campbell; £600 each to his three nieces, the daughters of his brother Archibald Campbell; £1000 to his friend and agent, the Hon. John Graham, of Melbourne; £1000 to his cousin, William Allan; and £100 to his coachman, Samuel Bird, if in his service at the time of his death. He directs the residue of his real and personal estate, including property in the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, and North-West Canada, to be divided into one hundred parts, and he leaves thirty-three parts thereof to his son Finlay, twenty-eight parts to his son Allan, twenty-three parts to his daughter Mrs. Christina Gardner, and the remaining sixteen parts to his daughter Mrs. Catherine Anderson.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1894) of Mr. Elias Dornin, of Pendlebury Cottage, Pendlebury, and of Manchester, civil and mining engineer, who died on July 18, was proved in the Manchester District Registry on Sept. 4 by Herbert Dornin and Arthur Harry Dornin, the sons, and James Kevan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £157,766. The testator bequeaths £3500 and all his household furniture, pictures, plate, carriages, horses, and live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Mary Dornin, and she is to have the use, rent free, of Pendlebury Cottage for eighteen months. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay thirty-four hundredths of the income thereof to his wife, for life or widowhood, and during such time twenty-four hundredths of the income, each to his sons Herbert and Arthur Harry, and the remaining eighteen hundredths to his daughter, Mrs. Alice E. Bazley. Should Mrs. Dornin marry again, she is to receive the income of £10,000. Upon her death or remarriage the ultimate residue is to be divided into one hundred parts, of which he leaves thirty-eight parts each to his two sons, and twenty-four, upon trust, for his daughter.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1895), with a codicil (dated May 7, 1896), of Mr. William Fane de Salis, J.P., a Count of the Germanic Empire, of Dawley Court, Uxbridge, and Teffont Manor, Wilts, formerly Chairman of the P. and O. Steam-ship Company, and also of the London Chartered Bank of Australia, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Sept. 16 by Rodolph Fane de Salis, the nephew, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in England being £137,514. The testator bequeaths £1000 to

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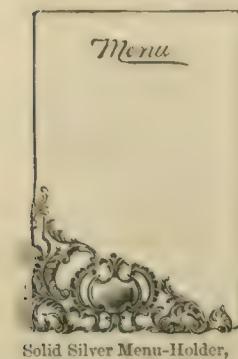
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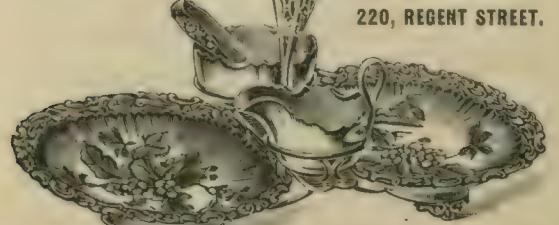
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## WHO BEST CAN SUFFER, BEST CAN DO.—MILTON.

*Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower  
But 'twas the first to fade away.*

The Unspeakable Grandeur of the Human Heart, The drying up of a single tear, has more Honest Fame than shedding SEAS OF GORE!!!

What is Ten Thousand Times more Horrible than REVOLUTION or WAR?

## OUTRAGED NATURE!

*O world!  
O men! What are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime,  
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?"—Byron.*

*I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die.—Moore.*



"What is Ten Thousand Times more terrible than Revolution or War? Outraged Nature. She kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Man has his courtesies in Revolution and War: he spares the woman and child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended. She spares neither Woman nor Child. She has no pity, for some awful but most good reason. She is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Oh! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the Mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering, the mass of preventable agony of mind which exists in England year after year."—Kingsley.

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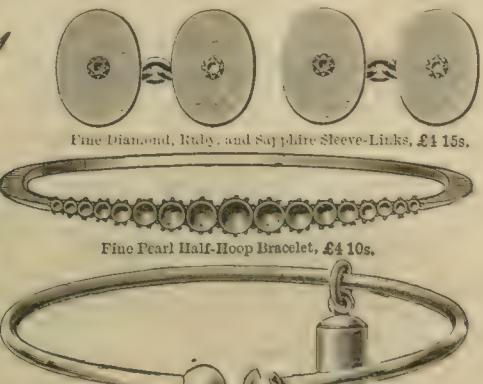
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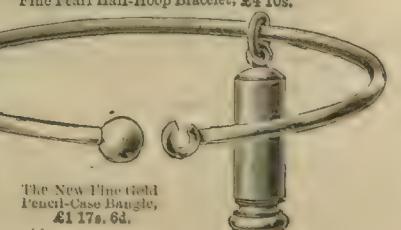
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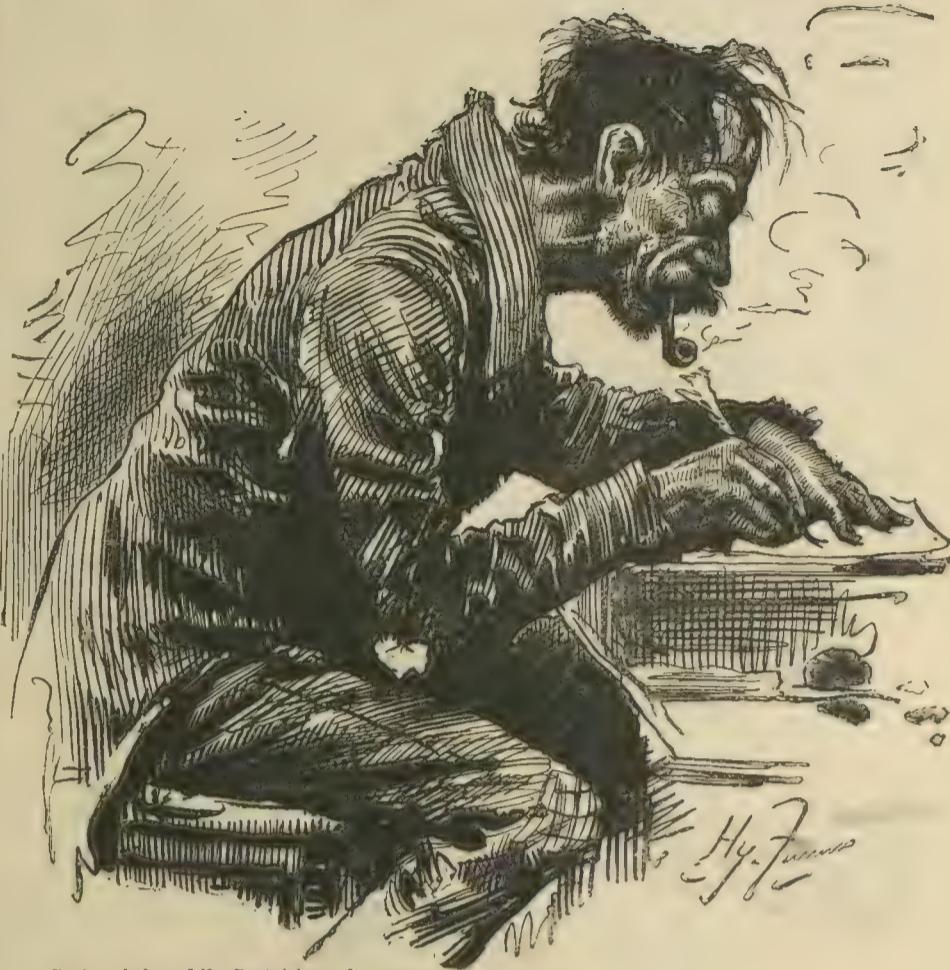
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was proved on Sept. 21 by Miss Laura Wolley, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £59,862. The testator leaves all his property to his said sister for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1881) of Mr. Robert Hill Pinhey, formerly one of the Justices of the High Court of Justice, Bombay, of Sylvester House, Upperton Road, Eastbourne, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Sept. 15 by Mrs. Mary Ann Pinhey, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,429. The testator gives and bequeaths all his estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever to his wife.

The will, in his own handwriting, dated Simla, India, Sept. 26, 1873, of Sir Robert Stuart, of 25, Kensington Gardens Terrace, retired Chief Justice of the North-Western Provinces of India, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Sept. 21 by Dame Annie Stuart, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,419. The testator leaves his estate, Glenhead, Stirlingshire, and all other his property, both real and personal, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated June 11, 1894), of the Rev. Richard Norris Russell, of The Grange, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, who died on June 13, was proved on Sept. 22 by Richard Harold Russell, the son, the Right Hon. Charles George, Earl of Egmont, and Captain Algernon Heneage Drummond, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £17,931. The

testator directs that all the securities, shares, bonds, and personal property held by Messrs. Drummond in the names of his trustees, the Earl of Egmont and Thomas Cooke Trench, are to be divided into five parts, and gives two parts thereof to his son, Richard Harold, and one part each to his daughters, Alice Louisa Lillian, Helena Margaret, and Mary Caroline. He leaves The Grange, with all the personal property both inside and outside, to his son, and he appoints him his residuary legatee.

The will of the Hon. Mary Caroline Eykyn, of Gayton House, Gayton, Northampton, who died on Sept. 25, 1895, was proved on Sept. 4 by Roger Eykyn, the husband, Richard Stephen Taylor, and Arthur Eykyn, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4753.

The international strike movement has found supporters in the dockyards of Hamburg, where a general strike has been declared among the numerous labourers employed in the unloading of corn and other imports. Many vessels are now lying idle, and in certain cases the crews of the vessels are themselves undertaking the strikers' duties, but no outside labour has yet been called in by the shipping agents. Most of the British vessels affected by the temporary paralysis of the ordinary dock labour belong to the Shipping Federation, and, if the strike continue, they will probably appeal to that body to intervene in their interests.

#### ART NOTES.

The Photographic Salon, which makes its home at the Dudley Gallery, sustains the object held in view by its promoters of giving emphasis to the pictorial qualities of photography. In this respect, so far as landscape work is concerned, the present year's exhibition fully justifies the claims of the artists to have placed photography on a higher artistic level than it at one time held. At the same time, those who are not blinded by prejudice will admit that the limitations of photography are obvious, and that there is a broad line of separation between it and the painter's or the etcher's art. The photographer, however adept in posing his figures and groups, can never infuse into them more than his models provide, and this moral is plainly enforced by the series of studies exhibited by Mr. Shapoor N. Bhedwar, illustrating the story of a girl who, renouncing the world, gives herself up to the service of the temple (134-141). In the hands of a great painter the conflicting emotions through which the damsel passes would have taxed his powers to the utmost; and had he failed in some scenes to give adequate expression to the doubts, the hopes, and the ecstasy of the neophyte, it would have been from no fault of his model, but because his own power of expression fell short. In the present case, while giving Mr. Bhedwar credit for complete mastery of his art, it is impossible to see in his work more than skilful posing and arrangement. In dealing, however, with mere studies of figures or portraits of persons, no

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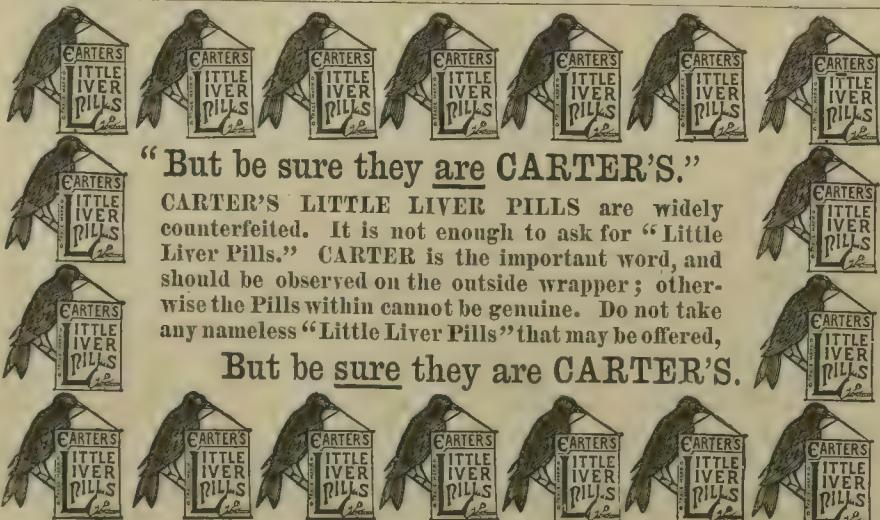
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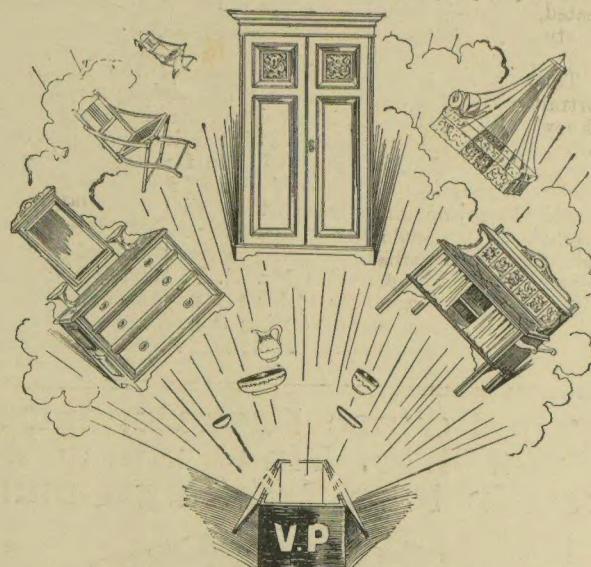
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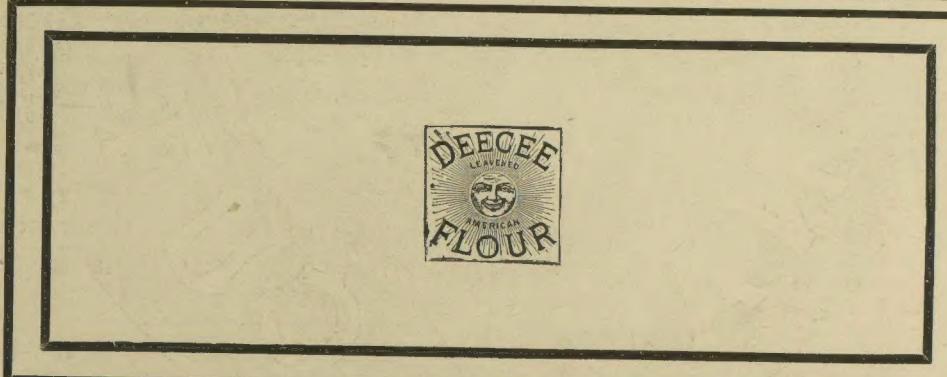
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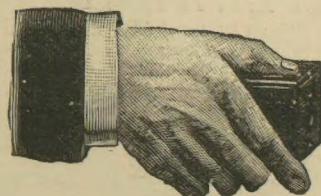
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treated, but in the skill with which the actual conditions of atmosphere and distance are portrayed.

This year's report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery is the first after thirty-eight years which acknowledges that these historical treasures have at length found a suitable resting-place. It is needless to go into the question as to who has been to blame for this prolonged neglect to provide a "Temple of Fame" for our worthies. Thanks to private munificence, the Gallery has now been erected, and its popularity is shown as much by the steady attendance of the public as by the increased flow of private benefactions. Putting aside Mr. G. F. Watts's splendid gift of seventeen portraits of his contemporaries, twenty-seven others were presented during the year. In the case of four of these—Cardinal Newman, R. L. Stevenson,

Ford Madox Brown, and Lord Leighton—the trustees agreed to waive the rule under which ten years must elapse before the claim of any celebrity to space on the walls of the Gallery can be entertained. There is little doubt that in the present cases the public will endorse the action of the trustees. Among the presented and purchased pictures only two ladies find a place—Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire (as a child), and Mrs. Delany, one of the most delightful letter-writers of the last century. The want of women's portraits is visible in the galleries; but as the history of the country, literary as well as political, was made mainly by men during the last three centuries, the absence of ladies is explicable. Possibly when the report of the year 1996 comes to be issued it will be found that the disproportion between the sexes has been redressed.

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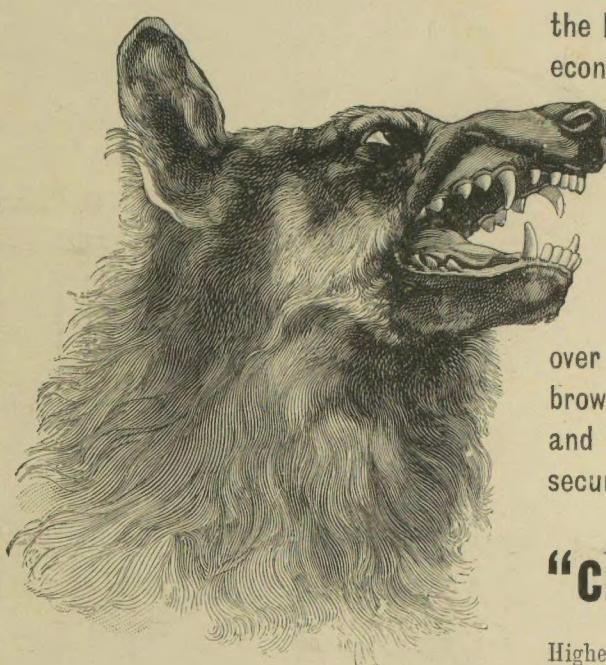
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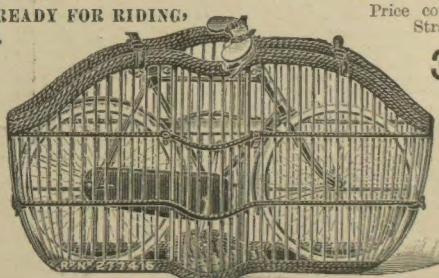
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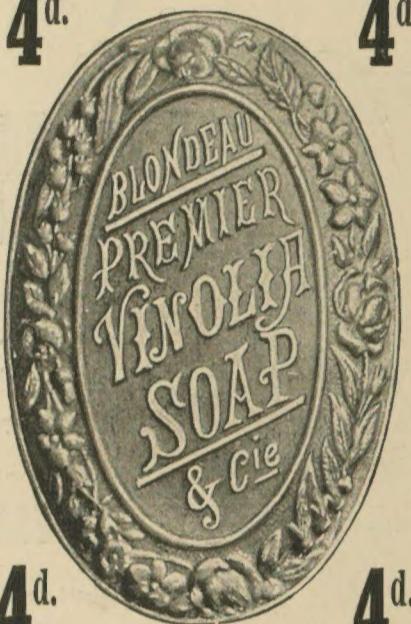
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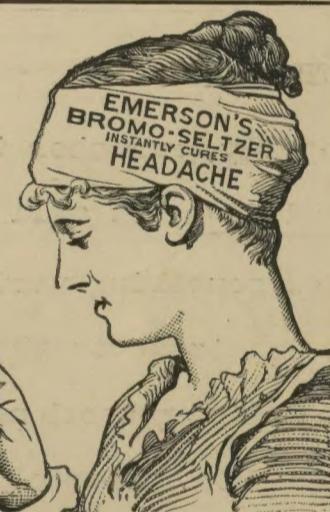
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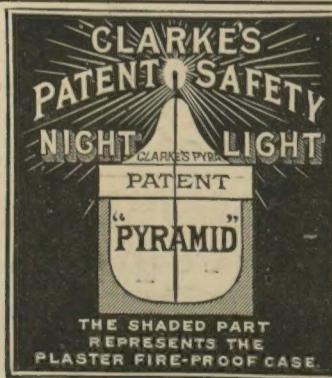
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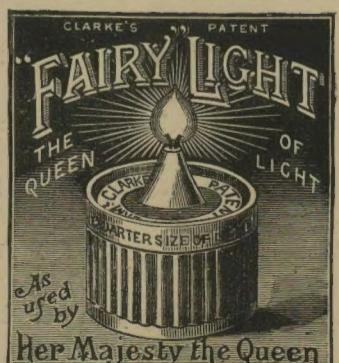
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